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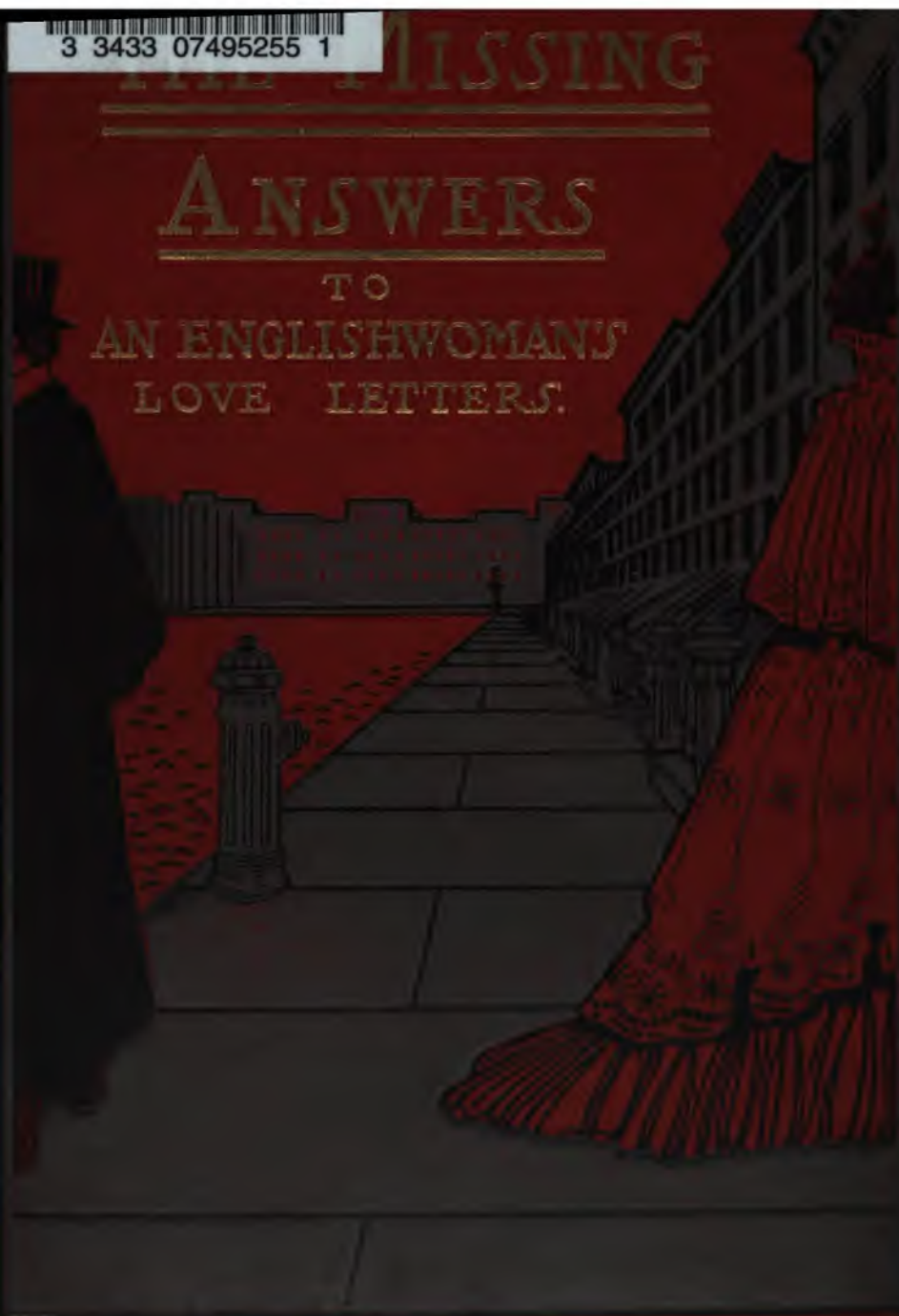
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THE MISSING  
ANSWERS  
TO  
AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S  
LOVE LETTERS.

BY  
THE  
AUTHOR  
OF  
"THE MISSING ANSWERS  
TO AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S  
LOVE LETTERS."



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# AN ENGLISHMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

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THE MISSING ANSWERS TO  
AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-  
LETTERS.



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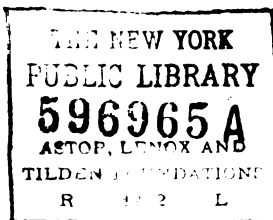
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## THE MISSING ANSWERS TO AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

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JUST before my darling died she gave me a bundle of letters to be put in the coffin near her heart. I promised to do it, and did it; but after the burial I found them on a table, where they had been placed and forgotten while arranging the flowers. As he who treated her so cruelly has given her letters to the public, I now give his, and may God judge between him and her.

ANNETTE MATTHEWS.

STOCKTON-ON-TREES,

JANUARY, 18, 1901.

The letters that follow are mainly undated, and they are numbered as found in the packet. A few commonplace notes and post cards are omitted. There has been no editing, and the letters are given precisely as originally written, with the exception of paragraphs relating to other persons and local events, which have been stricken out.



LETTER I.

DEAR MISS ——: The address your aunt wanted is 13 Cromwell Road. I happened to meet Lady A—— this afternoon, and asked her for it. She could not imagine why *I* wanted it, and I left her laughing and wondering.

Yours sincerely,

LETTER II.

DEAR MISS — : Winters had just sent for me to give my unimportant testimony in regard to what I saw of the assault on his groom. The Queen's mandate must be obeyed, and I may be late. I hope not, but if I am, knowing why, you may overlook my lack of punctuality and not attribute it to inheritance.

Very sincerely yours,

LETTER III.

DEAR MISS —: I have not been invited to the dinner to-night, and I wish to go, if not in person "by attorney." Would you mind wearing a spray from this box, as my representative?

Faithfully yours,

LETTER IV.

DEAR MISS —: If Roberts is late it is because I have detained him. Why, I will explain later, when I come.

Faithfully yours,

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### LETTER V.

DEAREST: I read your letter with tears of joy and sorrow; of joy in your sense of oneness with me, of sorrow that I am only the alloy to your virgin gold. If I am henceforth to lead you, if you are to be absorbed in me, you have chosen, I fear, better than you knew when you describe me by the word with which Milton scored the bishops of his day—"blind mouth." I feel and know it; your intuitions reveal it to you; yet neither you nor I can realise that in Love's land all men are blind mouths, going they know not whither; devouring all that comes to them in their heart hunger.

When I left you it was with a full and overpowering sense of completeness. All the vague and unformed and purposeless thoughts of years had suddenly crystal-

lised into sharp outline. It was a new world, and you were the centre of every thought and purpose in it. And yet it was as if I were afar off, looking down at myself and you. It seemed but a minute from your house to mine.

This morning it seemed a dream. I could not realise it until your letter came ; and now, while I have the touch of you in that, I know it is true. There seems a bit of truth, darling, in old Smithson's prosy lecture the other night about all paper being more or less sensitive, so that each sheet, if we could only develop it, would show the faces of those who had last looked on it. I did not think at the time, while I was fuming to get just a word or a look from you that would be all mine, that I would ever care for the knowledge he was striving to give us ; but I am not sorry now to know that your dear face is on each page of your letter, invisible only to the mere mortal eye, visible to the spiritual ; while the aura, or electric field—did you listen?—is *you*, a

part of *you*. When I kiss it, dear, I am kissing *you*.

There is one thing, dear, I must ask you to remember and make allowances for. It is the psychological difference between us. I love a woman. You love a man. They are not in the same class; they are opposites, "as far apart as the poles," for they are the poles. This difference is spiritual as well as physical, mental as well as bodily. The two make one perfect being. You must not look in me for a sister soul; but for a complementary one.

I hate the manual labour of writing. In ten years I have not written a dozen letters, and these were mere notes to my mother on business matters. You love letter writing. It is the breath of your nostrils. That is well; for both. But if my letters to you are not so long, or so interesting as those you might get from Nell, or some other woman, do not feel there is anything lacking. After all, there is but one thing I have to say—though I

may say it in all sorts of different ways ; directly and indirectly ; in parable or paraphrase ; in poetry or plain prose ; in affidavit or by inference. Each line you get from me, however scrawled, though but one straight line, has but one translation, and one purpose, and one meaning. It says, " I love you. I want you to know it ; believe it ; feel it." It has no other object, meaning, intent, or purpose. If I write of turnips or late ploughing, of my mother's last fad or Diane's last litter, pull my letter to pieces and make it over, and its hidden purpose is to tell you that I love you and only you. It is what Smithson calls a " blind," to be read from the inside—not from the surface. And in making this blind, things are not always perfectly fitted. It does not matter.

Your eyes turn inward on your true self. My eyes are outward on the world. You, dear, must do all the mental analysis for both of us, and I will watch out—and you. I have not the intuition, the revealed knowledge of truth, for I am a



man. You know the truth without knowing how you know it. It is your mental touch with the unseen world, which I have not, that gives you the wonderful—it is wonderful—power of introspection. But do not go too far in it. I may lose you, if you do, and already Fear is gripping me worse than a month ago when Hope had her back turned.

I know how cold this letter is ; but, dear, your talk is cold. We are opposites. You cannot say, and I cannot write, what will reveal the heart. My words when we meet will not be cold. Thursday I will be with you, and there are eighty six thousand four hundred seconds in each day.

## LETTER VI.

SWEETHEART: Can you not yet apprehend that we have met many times in the endless flow, and many times in our deep-sleep dreams in this life. That was why I asked you, on leaving, to read "The Brushwood Boy," which all in all I think Kipling's best. I haven't Major Cotter's advantages in recalling my dreams, because I am very practical and am not "built on his lines," as we said at the Yards, as well as for another reason which he explains in his "Finest Story"; but I had hoped you might remember many a time when you were my Annie-and louise and I your Boy. I think the time will come when you will remember, not only the dream life we must have lived together in this life, but the love of long ago. You have remembered it; but

you do not realize or recall it. The memory of it is sub-conscious, but it is there all the same. If it were not, you would not love me in this deathless love, which I know you have—a love which transcends all the love of this earth.

It was this voice of the silence whispering in my ear that revealed to me my love for you ; that you were “ the one woman in the world for me ; ” that you were set apart from all others with me ; that *we* had awakened from our sleep to once more take up the burden of this day of life ere we lie down again to slumber in the mere sleep of Death for an “ aeon or two,” or for less, “ as the case may be.”

Love is so sweet to you—how my heart rejoices that it is—because you recognise that it is not of this one life alone ; that many waters cannot quench it ; nor death kill it. As an emotion or mental condition, translated into physical expression it belongs to the Heat group ; and, as the increase in vibration creates apergy, or repulsion, the very thing that creates

physical love destroys it—attraction. It is at this physical love, or attraction, that is as true of oxygen and iron as of man and woman, our philosophers turn up the nose of scorn and say that it “dies with the kiss.” They are right. And so are those who say that God is Love. Each mean a different thing by Love. And yet it is the same thing. You like paradoxes, so I give you one.

When the universe was formless and void. When each undifferentiated atom was a world in itself. And before that. What came first? It was attraction. “And the Spirit of God moved upon” the void, and that Spirit was Love in its highest sense, the attraction that brought them together. I will not go so far as to add from the Tyndall (not Tyndale) Bible, “and their contact begat Light, Heat, and Electricity,” but in the ether, before our physical earth (and bodies) came into being, while yet we were spirits in the Light that had no physical matter in which to manifest, there was no repulsion,

no increase in vibration, and Love was lord of all.

Our bodies are physical; our minds are not. I speak loosely. Our Spirits are not. That inner self you call *I*, that inner self by which you distinguish me from other men — this is not egotism; until you love a man you do not differentiate him from other men, and the psychological moment when I differentiated you from other women was the moment when my love for you was born—that inner self is not physical, but spiritual, and this mental or spiritual attraction of the inner selves, the immortal part of us, is really as immortal as we are. It passes on from age to age—not always meeting in the flesh; mismatched sometimes for many lives; but in the end, let us hope, all comes well to those who Love.

If you could look back, along the “string of beads” that make up your many lives, you would find this love of ours running through all, the silver thread on which they are strung. It is

immortal, the very principle of immortality, that which keeps them from being mere independent grains and gives them continuity. Love, carissima, is the central principle of the universe. You are all mind, all soul, and you feel this, even if you do not know it. "*Ton amors sera tojors*" because it is this immortal love, and what you feel is but what you have felt and what you again will feel. You have awakened to the spirit life, dear, and it was my kiss, O sleeping beauty, that has opened your eyes.

Why I love you is a simple problem, my joy. It is for the same reason that you love me. It is but the two sides of one thing. Sometime you will see the whole truth. You are *in* my heart, you *are* my heart, dearest, in this invisible world of real existence.

## LETTER VII.

HEART'S DELIGHT: I send herewith a set of Stevenson which may please you, as the type makes easy reading. I have only read "Treasure Island," "Prince Otto," and a Scottish story of a boy in the Highlands. I was born without any love for my native country, her poets, or her people. "Caledonia stern and wild" has been but a "wet nurse for this poetic child," and the bare suspicion that S. was a Scot, perhaps from Paisley, has kept me from any extended acquaintance. There is another Stephenson, one who keeps the common orthography and does not try to hide the fact that his ancestors did not wear coat-armor, whom I do like, and whose work I have bowed before and studied. For four years I took off my cap every morning to one of his creations

called "The Rocket." Still, I am like the fish in the Arabian Nights—it is the third or fourth story—"what you reckon, I reckon. If you are satisfied, I am content." If you say Stevenson and not Stephenson, I am content. Stevenson shall be mine also.

Now all this is pure envy and covetousness, for I want his power and skill in word painting to tell you how I love you, delight in you, rejoice in you, and live in you. I have only Stephenson's power to reduce you to foot-pounds and put you in an equation. So far as I know, Stevenson never did write of love. There was not even a woman, so far as I can remember, in any of his stories. But that may have been because he was not touched by the flame. He must have been able, even if he did not, to write love letters that would really give his sweetheart—if you can imagine a dour faced Scot wi' one, and not all the literary ability of Maclaren or Barrie, or Scott himself, can ever down my suspicion that it is stage love-making he



is describing of a Southron disguised in Highland plaid—some idea of how he felt. Crockett, in the sweetest love story ever written in any language, "The Lilac Sunbonnet," shook my faith in Scotch hide as the best armour plate for our battle-ships, until I analysed it and found that the hero was not a Scotsman but an English boy disguised as one. Give the hero a Scotch name, and let the incidents happen between two hills named Ben This and Ben That, seems the recipe now for a Scotch story, though the thought may be Andamanic and the weather of Malabar.

The messenger is waiting while I write this, and I have not yet begun to say what I started out to say. I must say it some other time. But it can be put in three words, or three thousand, without any change in the meaning. I love you.

### LETTER VIII

MY JOY AND LIFE: You have given me a new birth, a new baptism; and when I am with you and try to tell you, I am tongue-tied. I can only worship, and kiss you, and wonder. You said it was wonderful, and I, slower than you to comprehend, am just beginning to realize its wonder. Love is a new heart, a new mind. It is birth into the invisible world around us; and it is as if I had died and been born again. You did not have this new birth. You were only asleep in this unseen world. You were part of it, or rather it was part of you. You merely awakened, and it was as natural and as easy for you to understand as it was to breathe. But with me it was different. I was as helpless as a child just born into

the physical world. I knew no more of this world of love than he knows of that.

This is not true of our case alone. It is an universal truth. The woman is the expression in physical matter of the love forces of the universe, the attractive principle; the man is the expression of the opposite. Now I see two things clearly that Chunder, the Hindu I told you of as the one man who most strongly influenced my life, could not make me really believe, although I "accepted" what he said. It is that the woman is positive and man the negative pole of life, and that our story of Adam and Eve is scientifically accurate when read (as it should be) in the Hindu text. That story makes Ceylon the garden of Eden, on which the two were placed until the remainder of the world had been made ready. From it to the mainland was a narrow causeway, which both were forbidden to use. Eve was also commanded to obey her husband. One day Adam insisted on their going to the mainland. Eve refused to disobey the

command of the Lord. Adam went alone. Eve knelt, watching him, until his form faded in the distance. Then she remembered the commandment to obey him, and ran after. On the other side the Lord met them and told Adam he could now make the world ready himself (if he could); but to Eve he said: "O woman, thou hast obeyed my commands in spirit and in Truth. From thee, thou Sinless One, shall come the one who will regenerate the world, and lead men back to Paradise." Then the pathway to the island sank, leaving the jagged line of rocks now called the "Pass of Adam."

In every religion the Redeemer has to be born of a woman, without man's intervention, because woman is sinless, still "in touch" with paradise. The myth of the virgin-mother—my mother would go into hysterics if she should see this—is oriental science. Ezra twisted the story almost out of recognition when he wrote it down for the Jews. Only by and through the sinless Woman, the virgin-mother

whose child is Love, can man regain his lost paradise. And each man must win his own, as I have won mine through you and your love.

When I gently hinted last night that women were not included in the "original sin" ban, and that if other women were, you were not, your aunt was so shocked that I dared not say more. You did not understand my whispered "*e pur si muove*;" now you do. I am so accustomed to recanting, and admitting as true that which I know to be not, for the sake of harmony, that I did it naturally.

Through you, my darling virgin-mother of the Spirit of Love that fills my heart, I win my way back to Heaven.

## LETTER IX.

O Love, Love, Love, what times were those,  
Long ere the age of belles and beaux,  
And Brussels lace and silken hose,  
When in the dim Arcadian close  
You married Psyche under the rose  
With only the grass for bedding.

SWEETHEART: A man's eyes use only the Roentgen rays on his darling. They see, through all the cold formalities of clothing, of flesh, the soul within. For her his eye is not on the visioned future but on the inner nature bent. When Moore wrote that his darling wore a wreath of roses—it must have been summer and in Otaheite—it shows she was to him still as other women, but as he only remembered the roses, he was on the fair way to Love. Don't think less of me because I do not note, like a man milliner, the details of the wondrous result. To do it I

must carry in my hand a pouncet box and talk for all the world just like a waiting gentlewoman, or your own Nan-Nan. Don't. And do not think me frivolous if under strong provocation I slide into verse and hitch me in a rhyme. It is all the way I have to cover up my own poverty of thought, this borrowing the riches of others.

Sweetheart, when we pass through the sunset's golden gates; when the Messenger shall come, the Sunderer of Companies; when this robe of flesh we drop, and rise to seize the everlasting prize; when we see face to face what we now see through our robes darkly, I will see no change in you. *You* will be *you*, now and forever, one and inseparable. Is it, then, a disadvantage, this masculine weakness which associates doubling of capes and putting in stays with navigation and not dressmaking? Am I frivolous? Why should I not be when you make me so happy?

LETTER X.

MY TREASURE IN HEAVEN: Don't be shocked, for Heaven is not here or there, but within and about us, it was so good of you not to send me the little skit Heine once wrote on "a love letter writ large," videlicet, one new gown. But that goodness may not be all meritorious—you may not have recalled it at the moment:

When I become your wedded wife,  
You'll be my greatest treasure,  
We'll lead the very merriest life  
With only joy and pleasure.

And if the very devil you raise  
I'll bear it in silent sorrow,  
But if you fail my dress to praise  
I'll be divorced on the morrow.

Now don't, please don't, rasp your sweet throat with his vile gutturals because you now recall

"Und bin ich erst dein ehrlich Weib."



The English is good enough. It is my unhappiness that Heine, Helmholtz, and Humboldt, the three great aspirers and inspirers, were Germans—no other German ever matters. You shall do all my German—all, every bit; but not more than four lines daily, at the most.

What have I to show? Never mind particulars, darling, let us look at generals. Turn to your Kipling, to the little poem so few have ever noticed, called "An Imperial Rescript." Read it until you get the meaning, until you see "the Spirit of Man." Now look over the world. What is the spirit of work, the gospel of labour? Is it the hope of life? No. Ask any one of the toiling millions why he works, and he replies, "I work for the kids and the missus—" here now or yet to be. The love of man for woman is the motive of all work in this world. "If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der girl dere-mit," is only our homely Occidental way of putting a great philosophical truth. I may work, dear, sometimes; I may not be

the very idle fellow you deem me ; and all the work I shall ever do will be " for the kids and the missus," quite the same as if I were a navvy or a coster. In all the work I am planning, you are the central figure—not of the work, but of what it will accomplish. In wasted time, you are not.

"Until men are built like angels, with hammer and chisel  
and pen  
We will work *for ourselves and a woman*, forever and ever  
Amen."

Years and years ago I put a pin in a piece of jetsam thrown overboard from some geordie or tramp, that applies :

My lady tastes the pleasure of each hour that passes by ;  
In Mayfair's golden gardens, a radiant butterfly.  
Her husband, "in the City," from dawning until dark,  
In a close and cobwebbed office out-toils his busiest clerk.  
But my lady's presence ever brightens the busy place  
When he pauses in his writing he sees her perfect face.  
Meanwhile, my jesting lady, the gayest of the gay,  
The kiss of her lips keeps for him the love of her heart away.

All the work of the world, my darling,  
is not confined to its solids and liquids.  
The invisible work of the gases is not set  
upon a hill but it is sometimes important

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in its results. Bear with me yet a while,  
and I will say of you as the Persian poet  
said of his darling:

If to the newly budded branch, thy figure I compare,  
It lays upon my heart a load of wrong too great to bear,  
For that the branch most lovely is when clad upon with  
green,  
But thou when rent of every veil art then by far most fair.

This goes in the same envelope as the  
other. I hold out both hands to you, my  
soul's desire.

LETTER XI.

MY STAR AND GODDESS: There is nothing in the wide, wide world more unequal than love between a man and woman. It is like the abscissa of a curve decreasing by a constant quantity—making a straight line—which I once heard one of our “learned men” give as a proof that the dipsometer was correct! Now what has the determination of altitude by the boiling point of water to do with love? You ask in amazement. I know a man who quarrelled with his wife and went off to Egypt for a year because he could never get hot water for shaving. Coming back he broke his leg mountain climbing in the Carpathians where he had gone at the invitation of a grace widow, about whom he had curiosity. It has some, you see.

Value is the attraction in a man for a thing.

Love is the attraction in a woman for a thing.

They are one and the same force exerted on different media, but the results are different on different sexes, so we give them different names. A woman "loves" a child; a man "values" it. We are so accustomed to making the distinction that we do not look beneath the surface at the common force at work.

You must not expect that this common etheric force working through woman should show the same results or phenomena as when working through man. In its physical manifestation Love is a force, quite as much a force and a very much more important force than any we study in our laboratories. It has volume, and tension, and power to overcome resistance. When the tension is high it burns out our nerve centres as high tension in electricity burns out plugs and switches or gives us incandescent lamps.

The quantity of love is not shown by its tension. The electric lights Sanderson is putting in will have a current of two amperes and one hundred and twenty volts; but if it were twelve amperes and twenty volts the quantity would be the same, without any light. Let a man's love for a woman have an amperage of forty-eight and voltage of five and he will love her just as much as if the voltage was two hundred and forty and the amperage one, although in the former case he would not show it, and in the latter case it would set him insane, because in Love as in electricity the amount is gauged by the multiplication of the volume by the tension. The Resistance also is a very important consideration in Love as in electricity—the Corpse always equals the Earth above the Remains, or  $C$  equals  $E$  divided by  $R$ .

Value has volume (amperage), tension (voltage), and labour-cost (resistance), the same as Love and electricity.

Love, value, electricity, are one and the same thing, manifested in woman, man,

and matter. You must not think I do not love you because this unseen force works differently in me than it does in you. You are more to me than all the world; you are this world and the other unseen world; my star and my goddess. You have taught me to correctly value my birthright as an immortal. That you are one with me, my other self, the Spirit of Love made perfect, is wealth beside which no fortune of earth can count. You are my pearl of great price; above rubies.

It frets you, dear, because I do not admire Tennyson as you think I should. I have my reasons, and one of them is that his own idea of love is summed up in the words he puts in the old King's mouth:

Man is the hunter; woman is his game,  
We hunt them for the beauty of their skins.

If I were this kind of a sportsman, it might well be a trial to you. My "sport" dear is a jacket I put on. It does not fit

me, anyway, but it serves a purpose I will tell you of sometime, when we can spare time from our communion of soul to come down to things terrestrial.

I reach out my soul to you. There is no gulf of distance between us. You are on my heart.



## LETTER XII.

DEAR HEART : If words could only convey to you the joy you are to me, if words could only express the delight I have in your letters, which I read and re-read, it would make me much happier. My father died, as you know, eight months before I was born, leaving very little property. My mother had the money. His death drew her "closer to religion" and made her a monomaniac in regard to Jack and me. We were supervised, waking and sleeping. I was ten years old before I was ever alone with myself for ten minutes, with no one to say, "Do not do that." I remember the afternoon vividly, for it was an epoch—the first in my life. Before that it had been one dull routine of prayer-book, lessons. prayer-

book, drill, and exercises. Neither Jack nor I ever had a toy, or ball, or a chance to play together. Uncle George stormed and protested. My mother was a rock ten thousand battleships might have been wrecked on without disturbing. The Cliffs of Kinsale were not more granite than her face. After Jack died she became dourer and harder. I grew to hate and abhor religion. She would not let me go to a school or have a boy friend. When the time came for me to go to Cambridge she only yielded after a long struggle, on condition she was to pay all bills, and I was to have ten shillings a week pocket-money—and that was all I had from her until I was twenty-one. The Empress Eugenia only allowed Prince Louis twenty shillings a week and why should I have more than ten shillings to riot with, my mother wanted to know, “to waste on wretches.” She paid all proper bills, without a word; but money for myself, no. Looking back, I wonder why I did not go insane in my childhood, and why I did not go to

the dogs in my youth. It was my "poverty" that made me an apprentice in the Newcastle work shops. Uncle George advanced the premium for me without mother's knowledge, and I was glad to bury myself there and work during the five years mother lived on the Mediterranean on account of her lungs. She thought I was studying under Professor Huxley. So I was; but I was preparing myself for independence. I won it when I passed my surveyor's examination, and not till then did mother understand what I had been doing. Never mind what happened. We finally entered into a treaty of peace; more correctly, a *modus vivendi*.

All this has coloured my life a dark blue. I had been cut off from my class and kind. I had been driven to books; to introspection and brooding; to machine ways of thought and thinking. Levity is the soul of wit, and I was heavier than lead. I knew what ought to be said, but I could not say it. That is the reason why I am so different from

you—not for the reasons I have been trying to delude you into believing. For ten years I have been trying to make myself on the outside as other men. The inner self does not change.

You, do you know what you are? The line came to me when I first saw you, before I had spoken with you :

A rifle smoke blown through the woods, a moment but never to stay.

You are the very spirit of Lightness, of Brightness, of Art and Poetry and Music. And to think that you are my other self, my real self ; that all I have lost in childhood and youth is in you ; that it has all come back to me at compound interest ; that heavy as my letters are—they should be labelled “made in Germany”—yours make up for all deficiencies, for it takes one letter from you and one letter from me to make one from *us*, one from each side of you (or me) to make a whole one from either ; that we are really one ;

that you love your other self in me, and  
I love my other self in you! Yes be-  
loved, it is wonderful to me, and it is joy  
beyond expression.

LETTER XIII.

BRIGHTEST AND DEAREST: Just a line to go with this "counterfeit presentment," to say how much I love you, how dear you are to me, and that while I know you do not and never will need it to remind you of me, I pray you to take it for my sake, that I may feel near you and close to you at all times from now on; that the sense of separation, which is now so hard, may be dulled by this extension of myself.

## LETTER XIV.

LIGHT OF THE AGE: With your wonderful intuitions, tell me and tell me true, when next we meet, what you think of the theory of a friend of mine about husbands. Is it too early in our courtship to bring the question up? Jim is a dear fellow, whose mother has been his chum and friend, his closest chum and friend since he put off frocks. She taught him to shoot, to ride, to row, to sail a boat; to face danger, take punishment cheerfully, and (as he was *not* his brother's keeper), to judge or condemn only himself. She never said "don't" to him in all his life. If he had said to her "I am going to burn down the house," she would have replied, "Have you matches and small wood to start the blaze? Do you want me to help you?" She put all responsibility

on him, ruling him through himself, absolutely. The Bishop would sooner think of cursing God than Jim would think of doing a thing his mother would not want him to, and there's nothing he might want to do she would not wish him to. He is not married, but he has ideas about husbands—they are evidently his mother's—and he put them out to me one day something like this:

“A woman leaves all and loses all to become a wife and mother. The man leaves nothing and loses nothing. To what he has, he adds. In the marital condition or status the man bears nine relations to his wife—that of a father for support, a mother for cuddling, a brother for aid, a sister for sympathy, a cousin for jesting, a friend to share secrets, an uncle for advice and unexpected gifts, a lover for sweet-hearting, and a husband to father the children. The office of husband, proper, is the least of his duties. He has assumed all the offices and he must fill them, and he must not mix them up.



When she is dull and heavy-hearted, he must cuddle her as a mother would, not making love, or advising, or sympathising, just cuddling. If she goes to him for sympathy, she must find it, not love or advice. He must fall into her mood."

"The husband must agree with the wife in mood, tense, person and number," I suggested.

"Yes," he replied, "he must be her friend, her refuge, her ark, her comforter. He must forget he is her lover or husband, or only remember it on the rare occasions when she wishes him to. He must follow her lead. He may be the captain of the ship, but she is the pilot, the man at the wheel, the navigator who lays the course."

"Particularly when entering Babba-combe Bay, or on the voyage to Port Natal," I could not help quoting from Miss Killmansegge.

I did not dispute his point. I was not in Love ten thousand fathoms deep then. How does Jim's sublimated, anhydrous, double-distilled, twenty-four carat, one

thousand fine, and one hundred per cent. idea of friendship strike you as a substitute of the love Tennyson sets such store by, that reddens what it kisses?

There seemed then, dear heart, there seems now, some truth in what he said; but friendship seems too cold a word to use in Love.

The lover in the husband may be lost, according to Lord Lyttleton, but surely no woman can want the husband lost in the friend or in the lover. This is a knotty point. You are my pilot. Steer me straight, while I lie and sleep with my head on the kerchief I stole from you. Have you missed it?

## LETTER XV.

SUNSHINE: You do not know how good you are to me. There is little in this world unmixed with evil, and what little there is, is not often good. But you are all good, all atune, ready to respond in harmonic overtone with any of my many moods and fugues, and I have as many moods as a nervous woman, if not more. I do not play on your heartstrings; I but play on my own and yours answer. I wonder if mine answers to yours as yours do to mine. I cannot tell. We cannot know ourselves; only others. I know you love me, blessed thought; but do I love you as I ought? That you alone know. It must be so fully, so completely, so perfectly that it seems to me as if it should only be possible when we have put

aside the limitations of senses, of time, of space, and are really and truly free.

I found your letter here upon my return to-night; read it, and a great peace came to me. I could not sleep and am writing by the light of a single candle, I who hate writing—the manual labour, I mean—worse than St. Paul did when he got old and his hands had grown callous and his fingers had stiffened from his labour of tent making. Don't you remember, sweet Alice, that pathetic little sentence at the end of Galatians: "See with how large letters I have written unto you with mine own hand." He had lost the power of writing the running cursive Greek hand and had to use the uncial or "printed" letters, as a child prints what it has to write—lost it in the hard work of tent making, as I have lost the desire for letter writing in my sport and general pursuit of apples of Sodom before I met you. And yet I turn to it, to letter writing, as a relief from my thoughts, which are not conscious thoughts but vague,

unformed, nebulous, unfriendly thoughts. They seem as if some one envied me your love and trust, some black magician, Afreet or Jhinn, or dweller on the threshold.

I had a funny experience not long ago, and if I tell it you, you must keep it from the M.-A. She would be hurt, she believes so profoundly in the Spiritland. I came near telling it to-night, and was glad she said what she did before I "put my foot in it."

Last summer, at Bournemouth, my mother met three old tabbies, pious old cats, to whom she wanted me to be very sweet. Never mind who they were, but they were supposed to represent the very inner circle of brains and rank and wealth. I was shown in one lazy golden afternoon by some stupid servant's blunder to where they were table tipping and communing with "spirits." It was too bald for denial, and after some shame-faced excuses, they admitted it. I treated it gravely and joined them. They showed

me the long story of the particular ghost they were talking with, which one had written down. It was a sort of St. Bernard tale of a man who had been poisoned in that house fifty years before, and who still lived on in it. They asked me to ask mental questions, as they had been doing, without seeing the answers. After they had got four or five answers their curiosity bested them, and they wanted to know what I had asked. I told them, with this result:

“Q. Why are you such a liar? Can you not tell the truth sometimes? A. Yes, but what fun would there be if I did not lie. They could not understand the truth if I told it. They are lots of fun, believing anything.

“Q. Why do you pretend to be a spirit when you are only a Dweller on the Threshold, an elemental? A. They would not have anything to do with me, if I did not. They have a silly prejudice against devils. I like my fun as well as

you do, and as I cannot get into a body, I use them.

"Q. What particular shape or form have you in the etheric or sun world, if you have any? A. You know. They do not. I will not answer this way. If you want the answer come and get it.

"Q. Are there any real spirits where you are? Are you all devils? A. There can be no spirits here. They have passed on; but their astral clothes, their etheric bodies are here, as their physical bodies are on earth, and we devils use them until they fall to pieces, and so make believe we are the real thing. Their animal mind, their sensual knowledge, remains with the etheric clothing; their spiritual mind and knowledge has passed on with their spiritual bodies.

"Q. Are these answers true or false? A. We answer you truthfully because there can be no fun in lying except when we can deceive."

Just imagine the amazement of the tabbies when I told them my questions

and they told me the answers. One of them had hysterics, another said it was playing with the flames of Hell, and the third nearly had an epileptic fit at the thought of the peril to their immortal souls. Never again would they entertain a devil, or go where one was. And they were so afraid of me that they would not come into a room where I was. They cut me dead, simply because I understood Faraday's physics and had no fear of the devils in Hell. Hell is a very real and definite place, quite as real as Germany, while its devils are quite as real as Germans, and we must pass through it and, them to gain heaven. But Hell is not an unpleasant place to go to, nor are the devils half bad unless you are afraid of them. The three cats will have a high old time with them because they are. I often wonder whether Lytton really failed, or whether his story of his failure was a taradiddle, because to tell of success would not have given him material for a story.

Cast out fear, my darling, and read



Swinburne with the inner self. Look upon the flesh and its vagaries as the crinkling of your starched petticoat, the swish (not frou-frou) of your skirt, and see through it with the cathode and anode eyes the inner meaning of

From too much love of living,  
 From Hope and Fear set free,  
 We thank, with brief thanksgiving,  
 Whatever Gods may be,  
 That no life lives forever,  
 That dead men rise up never,  
 That e'en the weariest river  
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

I am not crazy, sweetheart, though this may sound a little "off." My crank-shaft runs true to the minutest fraction of a mikron. Every bearing works smoothly as tallow can make it, but steam is running low in the boilers, and there's a faint odor of the bilge water coming from the hold, a whiff of gas from the fires, and the klank, klank, of the donkey hoisting baggage, mingling and mixing with the gray dawn stealing down the companion and making my mind ache. I'll to bed.

When I come on Thursday, will I have Thursday luck? Yet don't count on it, for it's not for certain. I hope to shake the London dust by Wednesday, if all goes well and the lawyers don't dawdle over much.

This is so long, I ask your grace. You need not read it, you know. I only have Pascal's excuse—"I didn't have time to write a short one." Ever your own.

## LETTER XVI.

LOVE MADE PERFECT: "Shall I ever know why you love me?" No, dear, not after countless days and nights of Brahma; not even at the universal pralaya, the Day of Wrath, "when Heaven and Earth shall melt away." No one can know the *why*. To say that it is because we are counterparts fitting inversely, like the teeth of a saw; ethmoid processes, so to speak, in psychology; but puts it back one step. In the shifting through the ages, *you* the immortal and *I* the immortal came together. Are you sorry there is not something grander to explain than blind chance?

There is, dearest, a very comforting doctrine, a mystery you will be initiated into when we may go off together and stay all night and come home when we like,

even if it is the day after to-morrow, without any one caring. This mystery does not even tell us the *why*, but it sends the why back behind as many years as there are seconds in 100 days. By the time we get up to it we may not be so handsome but we may know more.

Your question reminds me of one of a similar nature that was solved off-hand by a French school-teacher, that you must remember. It begins: "Petite agneau Marie avait," and ends with this delicious logic:

"Pourquoi l'agneau l'aime-t-il comme ça?"

Un des ecoliers écria

"Bon dieu," dit la maîtresse tout haut,

"L'agneau l'aime car elle aime l'agneau."

Now please do not turn up your nose at the literary style of this, which is not mine or de Musset's. Consider the simple treatment of the subject, the universality of the thought, and the perfect explanation—French; but perfect—of the teacher. One reason why I like the French is their perfect willingness to take any problem

like this and solve it in five seconds. That hundreds of Englishmen may have been studying it for a decade does not feaze the Gaul in the slightest. He has his answer ready on time—whether it is a Leverrier giving imaginary ephemera of a mythical planet not related in any way to the one found five billion miles away from where he said, or a humble teacher of a village school solving the great question of natural selection of spiritual affinities. Dearest, did not Wordsworth translate this French gem into English? I have read very little of our great pastoral poet and cannot recall ; but the lamb, and the school, and the scholars seem to me a subject which would have delighted his truly rural heart.

No woman ever loved a man for what he was or would be in this life ; nor did any man ever love a woman for what she was here and now. I speak of the mental or manassic attraction of the inner self, not the physical attraction between the bodies of the man and woman, which can

be measured in foot-pounds (or ounces).  
This love is based on the permanent type,  
not any transitory change in one life.  
Why did I love you and you love me a  
million years ago ; why will we love each  
other just the same a million years hence ?  
That is the real problem, my darling.

## XVII.

DEAR WITCHES' CURVE: You have seen a watch spring or a clock spring—how it is wound like this: Now you may have seen one lifted up by the centre so that it outlines a cone. It would be easy to get the length if you could unwind it and measure it on a yard stick, but the mathematical problem is to get its length without unwinding it, so that if the base of the cone is ten inches and the height twelve, and the turns nine, or any other figures, you can tell the length by substituting the figures for the letters in a constant equation.

This witches' curve was one of the problems I had to wrestle with when a lad. There is one harder, that of three revolving bodies, and one only a little less hard of a string around the cylinder.

But all these are delicious North-Country mince-pies, such as are found at the houses on cany a'ad Tyneside, to the curves of your fancy when it spreads its wings and soars. Never, never, never, will I ever be able to catch its equation, or be able to measure its value. Once I thought I could ; but that was before I knew your pyrotechnic mind. All I may hope to do is to admire and adore and wonder at the flights of the kites you send up tied to your heart strings. I wish I could express myself as you do, but St. Paul consoles me. "The woman is the glory of the man." And again he remarks, casually, "There are also bodies celestial," meaning you, "and bodies terrestrial," meaning me. With my feet on the earth, I will rejoice to see you, dear witches' curve, send up as many kites as you like, so long as you remain my "glory." I want no glory, no honour, no riches, except in you alone. I want you to have all and mine to be in yours—in usufruct.



## XVIII.

MY JEWEL IN THE LOTUS: When I start out to see you there are always ten things I am going to talk to you about, and the moment I see your face every thought of them flies away. Have you noticed how little we say to one another when together; how all sufficient it is to be just together. The rest, the peace, the one-ness does not need speech. Speech is silver and silence is golden.

This is the "soul" communion, as inaccurate speech has it. Really, it is the communion of our spirits through the etheric body, and it requires, in order to be perfect, I think and do not know, the perfect rest of the physical body, the absolute loss of all sense of having one.

Some years ago I heard a clever woman criticise your favourite novelist, saying

that she must have two love affairs herself before she could describe one. "Her love scenes are sickening," she remarked. "Her lovers use every second in conversation. Their mouths are apparently small bore nordenfelts, 1200 to the minute, which never get jammed. A man in love cannot talk and a woman does not want to. They just want to rest in each other. Her descriptions are as unnatural as a painting of Christ umpiring a prize fight between the Jericho Kid and the Jerusalem Slasher, on an island in Lake Galilee. Mrs. Hungerford may not have had her ability; but she knew how to paint love scenes. All she ever let a woman say was 'Oh,' and all the man said was '*psts.*'"

Now I know she was right and a clever woman. I have studied out the reason. It is perfectly natural and purely scientific. Strike G. below; then G. above. Set the wild echoes or vibrations flying. Now they meet and chord. It is one note now, just G.

Our modern science tells us that our

bodies are not limited to the visible portion; that not even a book, or nail is. Beyond each and everything, animate and inanimate, there is an electric field, which is a part and parcel of it and the first media for phenomena. Electricity does not go through the wire, but through the field around the wire. We are the very highest type of dynamos, and our electric or ethêric fields extend from eight to fifteen inches in every direction from us. A foot apart our bodies are really touching. Close together they are united and seeking a common or uniform vibration in their fields, which will be passed on to our minds and bodies. This is why a mother's cuddling of a babe is so soothing. It is all wrapped in her aura, as this field is called by some. It is why—well, you finish it.

This is enough science for the time being. I only inflict this on you that you may know the reason why I am tonguetied with you, and why we know that lovers cannot fall out unless two or three

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feet apart. Let us keep close together,  
my darling,

As through the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripened ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O we fell out and you know why,  
(There were six feet twixt her and I)  
And kissed again with tears.

I suppose we must excuse the poet for  
his slip in grammar ; but remember, heart  
of my heart, that we twain are only one.  
I love you, dear, more than you can un-  
derstand, yet.

## XIX.

CARISSIMA MIA : You do well never to pray in words. A wise old bishop said long ago that the most eloquent prayer he ever heard was that of a woman who could only say " Oh ! " St. Paul defines prayer as what we hope for in the way of " things unseen," or spiritual things. To ask God for any particular physical thing is not prayer as he understood it. And what else can we ask for ?

An American is credited with having explained to his English host that Boston was not a place or a location, but a state of mind, like Hell or prayer. Time may come when we will pay more attention to states of mind and find the American wiser than we gave him credit for being. Prayer is a state of mind, properly defined as " expectant attention directed to the

attainment of an object where fruition depends upon unknown power." You shake your head and smile. It is not worth while, is it, to boil this bone?

Mother writes me that she will pay me a visit and see you—"as soon as she can" and I am to see about her rooms and a lot of things. It might have been wiser to have married without letting her know—but I must be guided by your wishes in this matter.

You had a packet of my letters in your desk. I hope you do not keep these miseries. Though I fill up my hollow hours with them, that is no reason why they should fill up yours. You can occupy yourself with better things than my screeds, for you have your Kipling and Stevenson. I do not write upon a plan that knows what's coming, gall or honey; and what I say is not consistent even on the same page, while what I may say in one note is flatly contradicted in another, apparently, for it is from another point of view.

I am merely talking to you, to your image in front of me, which will not talk back, but only smile, and I say anything that comes into my head just to keep the conversational ball rolling.

Sometime you will bring these out and quote them on me. I distinctly repudiate anything and everything I may say except one thing—that I love you with my whole heart, mind, and strength.

XX.

TENDER AND TRUE: In one of your letters you say that you have read somewhere that great love always entails pain. That is always true, probably, of the love of sense. "Love leads to present rapture—then to pain," is a familiar quotation, though not the one you refer to, which I cannot recall. And it may be true of the higher love, that which transcends the sense.

We have yet to learn, you and I, and I know you will never flinch, any more than I will, whatever trials may come to us jointly—for we two are now one, not twain, in thought and mind.

My mother may try to make things unpleasant for us but we can brush aside any annoyance of that nature. You have no vanity or self-love—needing none. I



have very little—only what you have kindled by your grace and blindness to my faults. “I knew he lied,” says Mark Twain, “but I let it go at that.” That last phrase expresses the whole philosophy of avoiding unnecessary pain. We must laugh and “let it go at that.”

I do not love you for your sound sense and intuitive knowledge of the right course of action, but it is my pride in my love, my joy in my love, that you are gifted with this brain-power. Without it, the union of mind is not perfect. You must help me win my battles ; you must make them yours. And if I must fight to win you for my wife, you must not turn traitor, as so many women do—in stories at least—and give me up because you imagine it will be better for me to be defeated. There is no merit in such action. It is cowardice ; pure cowardice. No woman ever sacrificed herself for a man against his wishes, sacrificing him also, for any other reason than because she was not brave enough to fight

beside him. She cared for her own ease and comfort, and her belief that she was doing it for him was self-delusion. She was doing it for herself. I am glad you haven't read many of our mawkish modern novels by women, and that you have not had your mind warped by the false economy, false law, false morals, false science and false philosophy they teach—superficial and surface knowledge. A little knowledge has been a dangerous thing in their hands.

Skin for skin, aye, all that he hath  
A man will give for his wife.

A man welcomes a fight for a wife. He wants it. It is a relic of barbarism, perhaps; but of that I am not so sure. The harder the fight, the better he likes it. It is the resistance of the film that gives you the light in electricity; it is the resistance of circumstances that calls out the noble qualities of men, in Love. And women, also, of course.

My mother may be a little nasty; even

quite difficile. We owe her some duty, but no sacrifice. When that duty is paid, we owe another duty to ourselves and those who will follow us. Do not fash yourself with any heavy load on account of her. Dinna tak' the plack.

Once you are my wife, by God's gold afternoon, peace ye shall have. You are so brave, so courageous, that deep down in my heart I believe there is an unholy joy that our road to the church is not along a flowery lane, but a cross-country ride, with ditches to cross and fences to jump. It's worth the winning, my darling, for just beyond the bright wells shine. Thou shalt be satisfied.

## LETTER XXI.

MY OTHER SELF: Before I go to sleep I want to give you just one word of caution, apropos of your remark to the M. A. as I was preparing to leave. In my letters I am showing you my own true self, without my mask. I unmask to you alone, as to my other self in a mirror. It is your right to know me as I am. But this does not extend to others. You are the only one who has ever seen a glimpse of my true face; the only one whom I have ever wanted to see it.

We must live as those around us live. We must conform to the world. We must not kick against the pricks and make Grant Allens of ourselves. There is no merit in martyrdom of the smallest kind. What happens to the body matters little. Our Life is in our spirit, within

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us. If we are free to obey the Spirit in the Spirit, we may let our bodies obey the animal in the animal, after we have divorced them ; ope the west port and let them go free. The highest spiritual law is to destroy the link or bond of union between our Inner-self and our physical desires and then act in accordance with the conservation of their laws.

In love and trust and faith,

LETTER XXII.

MY DEAREST THOUGHT: What are you doing or saying or thinking as I lie back in this hammock chair and blow clouds of lazy smoke in which to see your face? You do not tell me enough about yourself, of what you *do*.

It will not be long, dear, before you will be sitting next me, with all the cares of this house on your mind, and while it is not large, there is much responsibility on the chief engineer. I don't want to weigh you down with it, to have you feel less free than now; and I want you to come over and inspect your kingdom, where you will both reign and govern.

You will want to make new constitutions and new laws, to arrange the government your own way, to re-cast and remodel, for Uncle George was not up to modern notions, preferring the old three-

decker to the ram-you-dam-you liner of to-day, and I have left everything as he had it, except the steam heat and electric lighting, which I added two years ago. I will bring over ground-plans to-morrow, which you can study, and then you and the M.-A. must come and inspect. If you find many things to be instantly amended, and I shall be surprised if you do not, make a note of each.

There is one room, this in which I am writing, marked T on the plan, which is not included in any renaissance, and the next one, H, into which no foot but yours and mine must ever enter. None but mine has ever entered it. I built the inside of it. Not even a carpenter set his foot between the walls. This is *our* holy of holies, my inmost thought, where no thought but ours must ever enter. T is my den, where I smoke and read, and N, connecting, would make a good den for you. You can have the house under your eye from it, or shut off all communication when you want to vent your vixenish

temper on me. Do I not know what a Katherine you can be? Did ever any one have the soft eyes you have, the sweet seriousness, the tender sympathy, the quick compassion, the strong sense, without having the temper of a fiend? Never. That no woman ever before combined all these characteristics in one skin does not matter. If she had, she would have had the temper you have. Quick judgment to see the right and prompt insistence on it, is not temper, but right-mindedness. To vibrate quickly at injustice and wrongdoing is angelic and what we should cultivate. If you had not a quick temper, you would lack the angelic development. It is only where this development is without your sense—which I have put to many a test without your knowledge, because you did not know how strong and beautiful it was—that it is uncomfortable.

Sitting opposite to me! I open my arms and you come into them. With your head on my heart you chant with me the

Om, mani padme hum,



again and yet again, until the peace and stillness comes, and then together, together, we rise and pass into the holy of holies for communion with our higher selves; one in thought, mind, and desire. This is marriage, dearest other self, as I understand it; as you, I think, understand it, the perfect union that does not sink either personality, but merges the two in one.

If I make your head ache with the commonplace machine thinking of my triple expansion mind, it may be only your karma. Of you it may be said, as of Charles Townsend, that the flash of your pyrotechnic mind is like the whizz of an hundred rockets. Your metaphors make me giddy as I try to follow them; but the dexterity with which you juggle them is most amazing. Not one ever falls. How do you do it?

Sometime I shall know; sometime you will write my letters for me. Haste the day.

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR DAUGHTER OF EVE: I found your letter before I had gone a furlong. I felt like coming (or going) back and answering it in person.

I do not want you to obey, now or ever, except in an emergency, as I would obey a carter who should say to me, "Jump; quick." In an emergency, we all obey whoever happens to lead. In our peril, if I lead, obey. Only then.

That there is any headship in the husband is an utterly false notion, based on a misconception of what marriage means—true marriage.

You and I are two spirits, androgyne, who happen to have been caught and imprisoned in male and female bodies. The cells we are imprisoned in do not

count. *We* count only—the two imprisoned spirits. We are like two boys, or two girls; one leading in this; the other in that, whatever one knows the better, but without headship or sovereignty over one another. We are equal and co-equal.

You have two arms, two legs, two eyes; but your left arm, leg, eye, ear or lung, is weaker than the right, because it is complementary only, for symmetry. You are really only a half, as I am. Now marriage is the union of the two halves, not perfectly here but perfectly hereafter. We must work together. If for some reason at first your two arms worked independently, and you now had to work them together, it would take some time to co-ordinate them. So it is with us. After a little we will think together and co-ordinate our lives; not necessarily doing or thinking the same things, but co-ordinate things, as your left hand plays the base and your right hand the treble.

But there's another thought, dear Sinless

One, that you must remember. You must work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Eve became involved in the "fall " through love of Adam. Her only " sin " was love of her husband and her following him into matter, as the Hindu version shows.

As a wife you owe me no more subjection, or honour, or obedience than I owe you. Not so much, dear, for you are the superior, not knowing how to use the superiority. There's a scientific discovery, now known to a small band of advanced students, which will soon upset all our ancient superstitions. It is more important than any ever before made in its results upon our thoughts; but it is so far-reaching and bouleversing in regard to established opinions that it must be put out gradually to avoid persecution by Christians who materialise the Master's spiritual teaching, not in accordance with the physics of this day but in the physics of their remote ancestors. A child can understand it. Science now accepts and

has proven all the facts, in isolated ways. It now remains to make the synthesis and to quietly put out one brick to-day and another to-morrow, for building.

Don't worry your sweet head with it, but accept, until we are married and I can show you the proof in the peace and quiet of our den, dearest, that the Angel within your coat of skin is co-equal with that in my coat of skin ; that our bodies are only clothing, literally skin coats ; that you and I are " sons " of God, as the Master said, not one more than the other ; and that all idea of subjection, or wifely duty, or obedience, is surrender of your inheritance and of your duties, which in common parlance cannot " be pleasing to God."

Cain was not Abel's keeper ; and the husband is not the wife's. The wife's place is beside her husband heart to heart, hand to hand, cheek to cheek. Read Henry V.'s soliloquy before the battle of Harfleur. You must not lay all or any one of your personal responsibilities upon

your husband. He is merely the leader who happens to have a little more knowledge of this game or battle of life. He is a boy, not even of an upper form, but of the same form, who is a little longer in the school. That is all. If he advises you, as I am doing, it is because he is passing on what he was given, which you will pass on. Always remember that what I know to-day you will know to-morrow, and this is true of all men and people, so that if I happen to know some little thing you did not until I showed you that you did, or our race knows something another race does not, the difference is of no more account than that between the class of boys studying fractions and the class studying interest, or between one boy reading Virgil and another boy reading Sallust. How these Christians amuse me, thanking God they are not as other men are, ignoring the Master's first command to kill out all idea of separateness. "Judge not."

The normal man is omniscient. He knows all things. No one ever fed knowl-

edge to you with a spoon, as we feed pap to babies. All that was ever done for you was to call your attention to the fact that this or that was stored up in your mind, by raising the blind or opening the shutter so that you became conscious of your knowledge ; so that you saw it. This opening of windows is called education—a leading out of the pupil from darkness into the light. But the knowledge was there all the time, even in the darkness before the light revealed it.

Sometimes this knowledge comes to the consciousness of itself, without the teacher, and this is Revelation, “ Divine Inspiration,” and all that sort of thing. I know a man who can take your left hand in his right and talk to you in any language, Coptic, Chinook or Chinese, and you will not only understand him, but you will for the time being think in that language, as well as speak it, without effort ; naturally. There would be no influence exerted over you, no thought transference. It would be a shorter method

than your German teacher used, but precisely similar in kind. That is all.

There is nothing more wonderful in it than in my putting in the wireless telephone plant you wished we had between your house and mine.

Forgive me if there is any suspicion of chiding in this long letter. I love you as a brother, as the sister I never had, as the closest friend I ever made, as well as my sweetheart, wife and, other self. You are all in one to me, and if I talk to you sometimes as to a brother or a sister, it is because I love you more, not less; in our great life as well as in this lesser one.



## LETTER XXIV.

DARLING: I had to dine at Winter's to-night, as you know; but I had my fun. There was no one outside the family except Lady A——, if she is "outside" of anything; a Miss Langley, from London, "who has been in India;" Peters, and myself. What would you have said, had you been there to hear Lady A—— say to me:

"Why don't you get married? Don't you understand that you are getting old, that your chance is going, if it has not gone, of getting a wife who is not a widow or a fool?"

"I have been considering it of late," I said quite seriously. "If I advertise for a wife, may I refer in the advertisement to you for my temper and habits?"

"Don't you think Miss —— very pretty?" Mrs. Winters asked me.

"I do not like the word pretty," I answered. "It does not apply. She is chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely."

"And are you engaged, are you going to marry her?" Dora broke in with her impulsive way, while her mother asked me, "Are you so far gone as that?"

"I do not know," I replied, generally. "I have on several occasions asked her to marry me, and she has the matter under advisement. I have made every possible argument, filed every possible brief, and am now awaiting the decision, with some hopes that it may be favourable."

You cannot imagine the surprise and astonishment, and the congratulations they insisted on showering on me. Lady A—— said I was "a lucky, lucky dog," which I knew. Peters said in his stolid way—it was the only remark he made: "She has the purest and most intelligent face I ever saw on a woman. It has a strong resemblance to yours." Then there was a laugh at my expense, for I

have no reputation as "a plaster saint" in that house. It is, on the contrary, quite the reverse.

If I have ante-dated with my oldest friends by a day and a night your own public announcement of my great good fortune, forgive me. I have been so anxious to tell them of the happiness that has come to me, I could not let Mrs. Winter's question pass.

Lady A—— took me home in her carriage and was full of curiosity about you. When I told her who your father was, she said "Good, good," several times over. I may have been a little *niais*, for she was so sympathetic that I told her of my great and overwhelming love for you; and, you must forgive me, of the pure and perfect love you have for me. There was a tear on her face, I saw it when she pressed my hand and wished you and me every happiness the future could bring.

As I mail this letter before I sleep, that you may get it by the morning post, I stop here, my love and darling.

## LETTER XXV.

TENDER-HEART: If you only knew how your letter thrilled me with delight. I laughed, dearest, and then a tear came. The sixteen years between us are not heavy on my mind, and your clever way of putting them aside and trying to console me for what Lady A—— said about my age and thinning hair is not opaque enough to turn back the Roentgen ray of my eyes. I suppose I ought not to let you know it, that I ought to accept the "*young* fellow in grey," and the "gallows young hound," and live up to them.

Your etymology of "gallus" or "gallows" is as sweet as your orthography of it. There was a time when I was what Roberts calls me, a "gallows young hound," and in the reign of Brandy Anne, or her immediate successors, I might, and

probably would, have ended my career upon Tyburn tree. I am not so sure I did not and that the knowledge of it had a good effect. Fortunately for me my lot has been cast this time in a reign of law and order, or "sweetness and light" as I can truly say, now that I have you.

I, too, have had many congratulations, for very few of my friends have ever regarded me in the light of a possible or probable benedict. I do not carry my heart on my sleeve, and they never suspected that I was waiting for my love of long ago, my spirit-mate with a temper. I do not say I can, but perhaps I might be able to tell Nan-nan tales of you in the days gone by, before she knew you, or had been born.

Have you a temper? So has steel. I shall always have a hin of oil in the house; so that does not frighten me, nor would it have frightened me in the wooing, for "hearts of most hard temper melt," and angels have tempers. On many occasions I have wished that Milton had died in his

youth, before he could have written the poem that was the bane of my youthful existence, in which he says, "No falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper." You may well treasure and be proud of such a possession,

"O! blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

And now, dear one, now that we will soon be wedded, and all our hopes and wishes are fusing into one, will you not let me read the letters to me you have hidden away and guard so jealously. I want to read *them*. I want to see the budding and the blossoming of your love for me. I have no record of mine for you, for it was sub-conscious, as you understand. You do not care sixpence for the fact that in all the world there is no woman and there has never been a woman, except yourself, who has or ever has had a love letter from me. You may safely offer any reward for one. That is one reason why, from lack of experience, mine are so un-

satisfactory to you. But I care many sixpences for the fact that all you have ever written were to me, and as you have my first, I want to see your first. It is curiosity, perhaps; or intense love, or anything you like to call it; but it is there, mountains high. I have spoken to you about them many times, hoping you would offer them, and ashamed to ask outright. Now, dear princess, pity me and give.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR EYES AND HEART:—What will you, what *can* you, think of me as a lover; when I tell you that I cannot accept your challenge and come over to-day for a test of my patience and control. Your letter did not reach me until this morning and last night I made an engagement for to-day, knowing my coming to you was interdicted, that means a heavy pecuniary loss to my friend Peters if I do not keep it.

A demi-semi-hemi friend, with more money than brains, if I am correct in my diagnosis, mentioned recently to me that he would like to buy a thousand or two acres on the west coast of Ireland, County Cork preferred, for hunting and fishing. He seemed sane, and I mentioned it as one of the queer things one hears in



society. Peters has been in a fever ever since I did to get hold of him. He has twenty-five hundred acres near Timoleague, that have not brought him in a penny in ten years, and he wants cash in the worst way. I wrote to Dunscombe and he answered that he would like to meet Peters, so I wired him last night to meet me to-day at . . . . . and I would take him over to Crowsnest, and, after, we would make a night of it. I received his answer accepting at the same time as your letter.

Now what am I to do? There is the clear course of duty before me, and that I must follow, though the heavens fall and the floods come. The Tower we are building is not founded on the sand, but on the Rock of our Love, and I know you will not think me either lacking in courage or in love if I fail you in this first test. I want you to test my love in every way, in any way you may think of. It has not your power of expression, it is not at the same tension as yours, but the same

amount is in me (perhaps more) that is in you, and it needs only to be tested to satisfy you of it.

Such a test as that you propose would mean little or nothing. Of course I can do it. It is so much extra and added happiness to be in the same room with you ; now and then to touch you ; to hear your sweet voice, now and then, and at odd times to get a kiss, so long as I did not open my eyes. But you could not, dear. You would come and kiss my eyes and bid me open them. You want me to *see* how much you love me ; to know it or feel it is not enough.

O my love, O my lamb, seek not after the things that are hidden. God in his own good time will show them to you. In much knowledge is much sorrow, the wise son of Bathsheba warns you. It was the knowledge the Master had—knowledge of the past and future and of those around him ; of all men—that made him a Man of Sorrows. There was no other reason, as the saintly bishop of Hippo points out.

You would have loved me as a boy, youth, or man. You could not have helped it. St. James (I think) says, "Love is from God," and St. John betters it with, "God *is* Love." This love that passeth understanding, the love they are talking about, is foreordained from the foundation of the world. There is another love, that of the flesh, the physical attraction that is swayed by the emotions and the senses—very proper, very sweet, very delightful; but unfortunately not permanent. The two come together in our case, as I have proven to you, only you were too happy to think. But you must keep your mind awake and alert to distinguish between Eros, the child of the Pandemean Venus, and Cupid, the child of the Uranian Venus. There are in Greek mythology two Venuses, two Goddesses of Love. One is on earth; the other in heaven. The child of the former is Eros, lover of Psyche; of the latter, Cupid. Our poets have mixed those babies up until their own mothers would not

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know them apart to the loss of the wonderful meaning. And if I write another line I will miss my train and my appointment. I kiss your eyes, dear.

LETTER XXVII.

PEACH-BLOSSOM : Just a line to say that D. and P. have hit it off and will take a run down next week and settle boundaries. D. takes two thousand, and I rejoice.

Let me have the letters as a token of forgiveness. If you knew how my heart hungers for them you would send them over by Roberts within ten minutes after getting this. They make you all mine. I was your Launcelot, as well as your Arthur ; but let me see, as Arthur, how much you loved Launcelot,

Dearest, dearest, dearest, *do*.

LETTER XXVIII.

FAIREST AND SWEETEST MNEMONIA:  
Is it mine? Is it for me? O dainty  
cushion, inspire me to thank as I wish  
to, the sweet mind that conceived and the  
darling fingers that wrought thee!

Dearest, it is too good of you to work  
as you must have worked. But I thank  
you again and again, and not in words  
alone, as you will see when we meet face  
to face and heart to heart. But you must  
not ask me to return the kerchief. I want  
both, I am so greedy. And I want *you*,  
*you*, *you*.

My mother is here. She came this  
morning. She had read the announce-  
ment of our engagement in the papers, she  
remarked, and ignored my statement that  
she might have read, it with less strain to  
her eyes, in my letters, some weeks ago.

You have remarked the excellence of my "big round hand" of which I am as justly proud as I am of your fine Italian, and the point of my remark lay in the fact that what I wrote of you was easier and plainer to read than the largest type of the largest Bible in any church. I made it so deliberately. She says that she will call to-morrow on you.

When she sees you, dearest, how can she help loving you. Be as sweet to her as you can. She is lovable beneath the armour-plate. Remember that, formidable as she looks, and no battle-ship ever was more so, that even with every battle-ship,

Full thirty feet of her stern and bow  
Lies bare as the paunch of a purser's sow  
To the rain of the Nordenfelt.

Let your tongue be the merry Hotchkiss gun, and your eyes the Maxims. Conquer her, for me, if you can; but if her guns are too heavy for you and will not jam, run away. Take to your heels. Do not surrender to her, whatever you do.

We fight this out *for time and eternity*.  
She is but a small obstacle in the road of  
one day's journey. We can go round it  
if necessary.

If I leave you and her to fight your  
battle alone, it is because I think you will  
both be freer than if I were present. It  
is wisdom, not cowardice.

Believe me, *ever* your own,



## LETTER XXIX.

QUERIDA MIA: When Mother returned she went to her room to rest for an hour. When she came down I could see from her face, whiter and sterner than I ever saw it except once, many years ago, that the interview had not been a pleasant one for her.

I waited for her to talk, but contrary to her habit, she waited for me to question her. "Is she not lovely?" I blurted out. "Yes," she answered unhesitatingly; "she is lovely in face and in form; even more so than I expected."

I had to draw the details out of her by questions—only one did she volunteer, and that was that you made a trophy of her and marched her as a prisoner across the borders of the two parishes, for all the world to see. It was said sadly,

rather than bitterly. She did not seem to dislike you in the least. There seemed nothing personal in her objection to you. When I said that you were as lovely in mind and disposition as in face and form, she replied, "That is probably true; I should think so from her eyes and manner." It was quite frankly admitted, but she was distraught, wearied, very different from her usual crisp, decided self. It was as if she had been disappointed.

She asked me if nothing could move me, if I was absolutely and finally determined to go through with this affair, and I told her that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature could separate us from the love we had for one another.

"You will kill me," she said very quietly.

"That's nonsense, mother," I replied. "We will put new life in your old bones by giving you a quiver full of grandchildren

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to love you and crown you their empress." I started to tell her what Nan-nan said, but she shivered and closed her eyes, as if I had struck her, and asked me to help her to her room, saying she was too tired to talk to me now; she wanted a nap before dinner.

This is the first time she ever admitted weakness, or fatigue, and it made me forget everything else, for it came to me like a shock that she was no longer the "Head of Kinsale," as I named her when a boy. Have you ever seen that frowning rock from a sail boat?

There must be something behind her opposition which she has not mentioned to me, and I am sure, as I have said, that it is not personal, for when I remarked a little petulantly that a man might search the world without finding another woman who ought to be so satisfactory as you are in every respect as a daughter, she broke in, "Yes, yes, I am not finding any fault with her, and probably no other mother would; and I would not question your choice of

any other woman. There were millions of other women in the world, why did you select her?"

"It was foreordained," was my answer. I often rub her Scotch Calvinism in unconsciously, but this was deliberately done. "Our marriage was made in heaven, from causes operating before I was born."

And now let us leave this subject, for though she has never once given in to me since I was born, in this case she must; and if we have a little patience and give her time, I think she will bow to the necessity. She must bend or break. I have her stubbornness of temper, when it is aroused, and while I have never failed in proper respect to her, she must not go too far. I will do much for a quiet life, and through my desire for inglorious ease you may rule me with a rod of iron or a skein of your wondrous woollen yarns, as you please, provided I have you for my wife, my darling, my true and tender other self.

## LETTER XXX.

DEAR SHINING ONE : Never have you been so close to me, so dear to me, as you are at this moment. I came into my den an hour ago, tired but not sleepy. On the contrary I felt each plexus, or sympathetic nerve centre, attuned like a harp. After preparation I passed into the little room and lay down on the couch, my head on your pillow, and tried to will you before me. The moment I closed my eyes you were standing in front of me, an Angel, "clothed in white samite, mystic; wonderful," with your eyes looking down into mine. The sweetness of divinity was on your face; the tenderness of heaven was in your eyes; but there was with it such an expression of infinite pity and boundless compassion that it frightened me a little. It was subjective, of course, but

for all that I saw you as you really are, as an angel.

I wish you would try the little lesson in spiritual self-consciousness that I told you of. It is not hard, and the result is so great, the reward so magnificent when we awaken what we call the soul, the immortal Inner Self, the spiritual body St. Paul speaks of, that no one ever regretted the small mental effort.

Sweet heart and true heart, I want you to understand the prize of the high calling, the real facts about this wonderful immortality which the Master brought into the light—for blind men. When I call you an angel, it is not metaphor or exaggeration, but fact. It is your spiritual and immortal body that I mean, and you must stop your idolatry—that is what it is, dear—of the mere flesh and blood clothing I wear. The I that is really I is not the visible, but the invisible body. You like me best when my feet are on the earth, you said once when I was asaddle, and I caught the double

meaning ; but, darling, there is not a hard, cold fact in the arithmetic or geometry, the chemistry or the engineers' manual, that is harder or colder than this, that the self-conscious speaking spirits inhabiting these living animal bodies are immortal ; that they are the mythological angels who "fell " from heaven. You are on the wrong trail, on a false scent, when you pay so much attention to the physical side of our love and permit it to dominate your mind. You are dimming the lustre of the spirit and losing your individuality in your personality. Give over this worship for a little space. Let me worship you. Am I never to be at your feet ? Let me sit there, dearest one, and kiss the feet of the angel, as Mary did. Do you read that literally, my darling ? Let me teach you how to worship, if you must worship ; but truly we must first worship the spirit within us, obeying its still small voice, until obedience becomes habit, before we can rightly worship the spirit of another. I shut my eyes and see your

spirit, my bright and shining angel. I worship it in secret. Your body may be beautiful, what little I have seen of it is; but I do not worship that. I like it; I love it. Each hair of your dear head, as well as each little curl, is beyond any expression in value. But that after all is not *you*. It is only your skin coat, and I value it as I value your kerchief, as an expression of you in concrete and physical form.

My feet are on the solid earth though my head may be in the clouds; and darling, even if our feet are on the earth, our heads ought not to be there. We live in the air, and by the air, and without the air we die. When you think of me I want you to think of me, not as I appear in the eyes of others, as a man of the world, careless and unconcerned as regards the weightier matters of the law, living the life it was ordained I should live, interested in the sparrow-hawks around me—I don't like Tennyson, but the greatest fool often thinks and some-



times says wise things—but as I live my life in secret. When I took you into my heart, I gave you the key of all its chambers. I kept none back. There is no locked room you may not enter. There are some filled with machinery you will not understand the purpose of until I explain it, and you must have faith in me and confidence in my words when I tell you there is nothing you cannot understand and cannot enjoy the use of as well as I. You will think with my brain, see with my eyes, as I will think and see with yours. The union that flows from Love is the most perfect blending that mortal mind ever thought of. And yet through it all we only blend the personality, preserving the individuality as spirits. But I must not write of it, for as yet you cannot understand, until you have had instruction in the Mysteries, and pass behind the veil to kneel with me at the feet of Isis.

But do not think, dear, that there is any lack in the spiritual love of the love

of sense that intoxicates. When next we meet, I shall be at your feet, or on your heart, as you like. And you shall see for yourself which is the right way to love.

Do not dodge and avoid the issue here raised, my darling. Write me frankly accepting what I say in this matter, that you believe me when I tell you that the man should worship the woman in the love of this life, at least. The lawyers have a word for your treatment of some of my ideas that I will apply to you, exchanger, if you continue to merely exchange your ideas for mine, without sending some of mine back, revised and improved, or shaven down to the little end of nothing, as I do yours. Do you love me, my darling? Tell me so. Do not be so cold.

## LETTER XXXI.

DEAR: Forgive this pencil and pad. I am lying on my back, and cannot use pen and ink. Dick fell and my leg was hurt. I thought at first it was a small thing and did not wish you to know of it; but it turns out to be not quite so small as we hoped for. But for the pain, it would be something to jest about—there is too much of that for a four-penny smile. As it is I must lie prone on a bed with my leg and foot strapped on pillows. It may be a week before Seaton will let me sit up so that I can write with a pen, for while no bones have been broken, those of the ankle have been exchanging places and having a good time, which I hope they have enjoyed more than I have.

I am glad mother is not with me, for sometimes I want to swear and she under-

stands, or divines, a swear word in any language. Then the thermometer rises rapidly. There are different ways of warming a boy and a man, but the physical phenomenon is the same—an increase in heat.

I wish you could come over and see me, but I suppose it would never do. Mother might use it as an excuse to say very unpleasant things. But it is sweet to know that you would if I called you, and that soon I will not have even to call you. You will be here, in your own home, willing to shut your ears to any slips I may make in my language.

Ever your own,

## LETTER XXXII.

MAVOUREEN: The mater came prancing back this morning, breathing all sorts of fire and fury on every one in general and no one in particular, because she was not notified of my slight accident, which happened by chance to be noticed and exaggerated by one of the penny-dreadful London newspapers. She has ordered Hatterling made ready for her and threatens to take me "home." She does not like Pembury, and it was years before she forgave me for leaving "home" and coming here to live, when Uncle George died and left it to me. She wanted me to rent it! Why it is Uncle George. He built it, he furnished it, he rebuilt it, he was always at work on it, and I would rather rent my father's coffin than Pembury. I cannot tell the Mother, but I can tell you that it

is the only *home* I have ever known and it has been mine since I was old enough to have Uncle George carry me off for a week. Hatterling has never been my home. I have always looked upon it as if it belonged to some alien in blood and religion, rather than to my mother. That it would some day be mine has never entered my thought. I don't want it. It represents to me in every tree, in every winding walk, my lonesome and most unhappy boyhood. Every room in it says "Don't," when I enter. My eyes mechanically and naturally, through mere habit, fill with tears as I look out of any of its windows. My home! Pembury, modest, comfort-giving, cheerful Pembury, will always be my home.

I have been thinking that it might not be so unwise to let mother have her way for a little while, and carry me over to Hatterling. It is a small concession and it will please her much. Have you ever noticed that each one is exactly seven miles from your dove-cote of Rosedene. There's

a shire map hanging on the wall by the west door, showing all the roads, lanes and private by-paths, and one day I measured. The three houses form a perfect triangle, seven miles and three furlongs apart. I will be no further away, and then you can call on your future mother without loss of dignity, *amatis-sima*, and see me!

But, *mijne geliefde meisje*, I want to see you so here at Pembury, not with your hat on, but with your hat off, wandering through the rooms and the short walks of the small close. It's not "pretty," or "nice," but it is restful, peaceful, the ideal of a priory for two, charming in its comfort. Even St. Augustine's restless soul might here have been content to lay aside the combat of the church militant. Mother says it is dull. That is prejudice. Attribute anything she may say derogatory of Pembury to her long war with the late occupant over me.

I don't want you to read anything especially, but Stevenson and Kipling are good

friends to have. I think I have added more to my range of vision from the latter, than from any three other writers. Mentally he is the greatest the world has ever had in breadth ; his depth has yet to be proven. Reading is not mere going over, it is absorbing and digesting the mental food so that it becomes your own, our own, tissue. " Beware of the man of one book," because he is a two-brained man. He has his own and others' in one. That's why I say sometimes, I haven't read a book, when I mean I haven't assimilated it, or made it mine. The M.-A. does not understand, and thinks I am fey or telling stories. You must not.

If you don't like Kipling, do not read him. If you like Miss Austen, or Miss Edgeworth, or Mrs. Hungerford, or Barrie or Maclaren, read them in preference ; but don't waste time on what you do not like.

Patience, querida mia, and believe with me that all things (not some things but all things in their mass) work together



(though not singly and each by itself) for good to them that love good, and for evil for them that love evil.

This may be a long letter, but the two hours I have been writing it have only seemed like two minutes.

You know how much you love me. I love you just as much and ten bushels more. You will see my raise, amadora? I shut my eyes and hear your voice in the silence.

LETTER XXXIII.

DEAR ROSEMARY: Since I posted my last letter I remember that I failed to thank you for the books and the sharpened pencils and the pad, which you will know I am using. It is very handy. I have put off Meredith till to-morrow, and am reading Stevenson. The swing of his style is delightful, but it hardly pays for the absence of thought. It is easy reading and probably hard writing; but I think I prefer scripture to literature when I cannot get them together. Does this puzzle you?

Scripture is writing for the purpose of saying something worth remembrance. The words do not matter; they are merely the vehicle by which or in which the thought is transferred from one mind to

another—a homely goods van, if you like, or a coach and four.

Literature is writing for the purpose of saying something—anything; good, bad, or indifferent—in a pretty and charming way. It does not in the least matter what may be inside the carriage; it is only the beauty and richness and ornamentation of the carriage or van that is to be admired. The words alone are remembered; their sound on the ear. In poetry there is a special name for this kind of writing—onomatopœia. Pope tells you what this diabolical word means:

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

There is a well-worn line in Homer where a shield is struck, each word cling-clanging like the ring of angry steel; and Virgil also uses it in the line that sounds like hoof-beats. Tennyson in his “propputy, propputy” and Poe in the Bells give us good illustrations of how sound can reinforce the sense.

If a man does this trick—for it is nothing but a mere trick—in prose, if the sound *seems* an echo to the sense, we deify him and call him “a man of letters.” His work is “literary.” It does not matter a brass farthing what he writes about; he may spoil twenty pages of good white paper in telling how a piece of bark floated twenty yards down a stream; provided his words are onomatopœic, it is “literature.”

Sometimes, so rarely that it is almost a miracle, the man who has something to say also knows how to say it in the perfect way. You find an example of this in Ruskin. Nothing in idea could be more important in the thought of the world to-day than his warning against plutocracy. The value of his thought that the power once held by the feudal lords or crag-barons is held to-day by the mere possessors of money-bags, or bankers, is not greater than the skill of his words in summing it: “Bags and crags have much the same effect on rags.” Once

read it is never forgotten, and it is scripture, for the thought is uppermost even in recalling the words.

Such writers are exceptions, while nearly all writers who have something to say worth writing and printing have no great skill with words. This skill with words is merely the result of study and practice. Anyone not in the class with the celebrated Manchester idiot can learn it.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

It is the skill of the craftsman with his tools—no more.

The power to think, not as others think, but to use our *own* brains, is not to be acquired by mere practice with words. The man who could design a battle-ship, or meet a new construction problem to adapt space in a torpedo boat to admit a turbine engine, was not the man at Armstrong's or Abbott's who could twirl his hammer most artistically, or make the neatest mechanical

drawings. The men with brains, who met and solved the engineering problems, as a rule were not very expert with tools. They could use them well enough, and that was all that was required of them. The expert mechanic could be hired to fine off their model or pattern. Mere skill with tools made only the mechanic; brains made the engineer.

In *belles lettres* you have been taught from childhood that mere skill in words, mere skill in using the tools of thought was to be honoured far above the thought. The thought was never even considered. The very phrase, *belles lettres*, "fine words"—which butter no parsnips and create no thought by themselves—is all there is to literature as you have studied it. You have been taught the names of the great word-mongers but not of the great thinkers of the world, or only of a few; and the majority of the men you have been taught to honour are mere mechanics. If someone would go over our English "literature" and mark out the purely

mechanical, what would remain might easily be read in a year. And this residue and remainder would be all that would be worth reading or preserving. No greater service could be done mankind than to destroy utterly and entirely, to the last vestige, the excised writing.

I say this, not as one of the British Philistines whom Carlyle—an over-rated, conceited, egotistical Scotch word-monger—hated so profoundly because he knew they knew he was only a mechanic working on other men's thoughts, but because I have seen your preference in reading for onomatopœia, for *belle lettres*, for "fine words," and a tendency to shrink from the rude and crude writers as vulgar; common. Do not think you will find thought, or brains, or the quickening of the spirit among the purely literary men of the time, the great names in literature. You will find only words, words which make this way or that way. There is thought sometimes but rarely; seldom their own. It is usually the thought of

other men, writers of scripture, that they work over, and then they pose for the world to admire *them* (not the work), as if they were of any account.

Now and then one gets called down, as Carlyle did. He told the story to Robert Buchanan about a month before he died. When he was seventy-five he made a tour of his native shire, hunting up old scenes and the few living friends of his boyhood. Among the latter was Sandy Macpherson, a shop-keeper in Glasgow, who had been dux of his class in dame school, at Annan Academy, and at the University. When he entered the shop Sandy gave him a nod and went on serving his customers. When it came Carlyle's turn, he said: "I see you do not recognise me." "O, yes I do," says Sandy. "You're Tammas Carlyle. Can I serve you wi' onything, Tammas?"

Carlyle explained why he was there, and Sandy remarked: "I hear you are a literary mon, noo; you have written some books."



Carlyle admitted that he had, and Sandy said with a sigh :

"Aweel, aweel. Mony things please the folks in Lun'un that wadna gan doon in Glasgow."

The story is delicious when told on the Philistine ; but I would rather be Sandy than Tammas.

You have led me, dear heart, into this new habit of letter writing. It is growing on me. But no one knows save you, and you must keep it a secret. Do I not love you when I take you into my inmost mind, revealing secrets about myself which would result in my being driven into outer darkness if my orthodox world only knew them ?

## LETTER XXXIV.

MIJNE GELIEFDE MEISJE : If ever I had an early love in fiction it was Becky Sharp. One of my earliest was Hypatia, and my last is the hapless heroine of the Arabian Nights, Abrizeh, whose story is not in Lane's translation. I have admired others when at a distance ; but I do not think I have ever desired close acquaintance with any. Even Molly Bawn, the sweetest and most nearly perfect in modern fiction, would be tiresome in a week, shut up alone in a room with her. Shakespeare's women, so far as I recall—you know how short my memory is—at their best, Portia and Rosalind, are chums and friends, not sweethearts. As for Juliet and that class—well, I never eat bob veal, and I never speculate in futures on the stock exchange.

Once upon a time a cat who had been changed into a woman and happily married to a "noble lord," while sitting at dinner saw a mouse run over the floor. She sprang up and ate it. Her husband remonstrated, telling her she must forget the past and remember she was a woman, eating what women ate. "That's all very well," she replied; "but when I eat mice I know what I am eating; and when I eat rabbit pie I do not."

I am never sure that the women I meet in fiction are really women and not converted cats, and for that reason my heart does not go out to them as it might if I were certain. You are right about Hardy, but what you say of him applies to nearly all modern writers that you have read. Charles Reade created a woman in "Foul Play;" Besant came near it in "All Sorts and Conditions," and Haggard succeeded in "Dawn," but she was not the heroine of the story except to a few. The most charming women in fiction are not in "fine words," or "literature." I have

found them in Mrs. Hungerford's novels, in the short magazine stories, and outside the pale of *belle-lettres* generally. But really, I have paid so little attention to this end of novel-reading that I would like to reserve any expression of opinion. As for the women in whose hands you will trust me, I take it that they are Meredith's. It is evident that you take no chances. Of all the dreary stale-beer writing that ever spoiled white paper commend me to Meredith. I will read him as a punishment for my sins, but it will effectually deter me from committing any more.

Would I give you to D'Artagnan, that swashbuckler? No. To "A Gentleman of France?" Yes. To Raphael Aben Ezra? Yes. To any of the "heroes" of Kingsley, or Weyman, or Hope, or Crocket, or Haggard, or Besant, yes; for they are *men*. Men can write of men and create men. If I were a woman I would be in love ten deep with the heroes of English fiction. When did any French-

man ever make a hero except by creating a monkey? It takes an Englishman to make a Frenchman a man. Take down your Huck Finn and read Nigger Jim's conversation with Huck beginning: "Is a cow a man, Huck? Is a Frenchman a man? Then why don't he talk like a man."

But that is not the question, dearest. Whom would you prefer among Stevenson's characters if you should become a grace widow? As the glamour is on you, tell me before your impressions grow cold.

Now, sweetheart, let us put aside this question of others' love and consider our own. I put it to you as a point of conscience if you really think you love me more than I love you. Can you give me any reason why you should? There's nothing visible or tangible in me that you would not get in others in more bounding measure. There is much in you I could not find in any other woman, so much it were easier to name the points in com-

mon. On your oath and your conscience, why should you? Why should not I? On its face, I do; and the burden of proof is on you, in spite of my inability to use metaphor or express myself with the facility you have in tossing a dozen words in the air at once and catching each as it falls and tossing it into its proper place in the sentence. Prove it, sweetheart.

Do not feel hurt because mother has not formally invited you to Hatterling. The old forget many things that hurt us, and we who have so many years before us must bear with those whose sun is setting. When they have passed away we will regret each little careless word that hurt them, and the sting of that regret will last all our lives, because there will be no chance for forgiveness. It is not because I love my mother, or for her sake, that I have submitted to so much to avoid a rupture. It is for my own. I do not want the pain of regret. There is no merit, of any kind, in it. It is wise selfishness, the selfishness that helps or

aids another to help or aid ourselves. There are certain harmonic laws in the universe in addition to those which Kepler announced, and one of them is that of compensatory vibration, which is as true in morals as in physics, that every vibration set up returns in time to its centre of energy with exactly the same force. Every act or thought must have the same effect on ourselves (in time) that it has on others. As we sow, we must reap. From this law there is no escape. Scapegoats are barred.

All the love I send out to you, all you send out to me ; all we send out to others, must necessarily return to us, in time. It is a law of God, a real law, revealed to us wherever we turn our eyes understandingly.

LETTER XXXV.

DEAR ECCENTRIC STRAP: Now guess what that means to an engineer. "Is it something nice?" Yes. It means the controlling sentient link between the power and its application to the ponderous mass of machinery. It is the bridge between the visible and invisible worlds. The Hindus have a softer word, which expresses the link between the spirit and matter, Antaskarana, and perhaps you may prefer it. Substitute it if you do.

I know it is not a metaphor, that it is only a simile, and I am not trying to show you that if I have not a metaphor in my composition that I can beg, borrow, or steal one from somebody else's "composition." I am merely using it as a figure of speech to show you that you are the rock on which I build all my future action and life.



Now do not tell me that this is catachiesis and send me to the dictionary, for there is not one in the house or nearer than B——. Have I, dear Sophia, have I succeeded in sending you to one, at last?

I am reading and re-reading your dear letters, and the more I enter into the spirit or aura of them, their magnetic field, the closer and more wonderful our love becomes. It seems as if we ought to talk together without wires, whatever the distance apart may be, by photophonic ray from heart to heart.

Dearest, I love you better than you love me. I do. I do. I can prove it physically and metaphysically, algebraically by an equation invented by the wonderful Professor Boole of Belfast and arithmetically by the equation of breaking strains, physiologically by the (what do you call heart action)-graph and psychologically by the new personal-equation-meter, and lastly by sound common sense as shown in our common-law and the wisdom of the ages as shown in our perfected logic.

Admit it, or I will file a brief on each point submitted and ask the Court for a writ upon you to show cause why a judgment should not be entered in my favor.

You can see from this that I am better; very much better. I am out of pain, had a good night's sleep, I am sitting up, and so brave that when I finish this letter I am going to take up Meredith, the George who labours under the hallucination that he can tell lies.

I wish you would try your hand at a story. You can write easily. You have the vivid imagination and clear brain required. As one Judean whispered to another, when told that business was bad, "Vy don't you?" You can see that I am happier than for many a day. There's a line running through my head,

From my heart the burden,  
Rolled away,  
Happy day.

It hasn't the lilt of a music-hall or the form of a boudoir or drawing-room song.

I cannot imagine where it comes from. Wise woman, tell me if you know. I have no memory ; it was left behind in devachan when I came into the world, so that you might have a wonderful one. Do not be so proud of yours. Half of it is mine "by rights," and soon will be by law. Then I will be able to say "our" memory is wonderful, and you may say, if you wish, "we" sometimes forget.

LETTER XXXVI.

DEAREST, DEAREST, what can I say? You shame me, my heart's delight, you shame me as never before I have felt shame, with the willing offering of your ewe lamb on the altar of our love. I felt at first like returning the letters unread, and forbidding the sacrifice until the day appointed; but once you had felt the pain of letting the letters go, it would not save you from any but rather give you more pain by not accepting it. O tender heart, O loving heart, I did not want you to do this when I asked you to. I did but jest and tease, as I have jested and teased about your loving me. You wanted me with "feet to the earth," and I took the part, giving the earth free rein. Do I not know before I read one of those precious casket letters, did I not know before I begged to

see them, that your love was that of God in the outline of your form, boundless, immeasurable, infinite? It was so precious to me, so wonderful, so delightful that I jested and scolded it as a mother does her babe in the first delight of motherhood. I thought you understood, comrade and darling, that it was love's language I was speaking.

Do I not know and understand your generous, tender heart? Indeed I do. None but a woman, only the love of woman, could rise to such a height. Never again, my darling, will I treat your love lightly or jestingly. It is too great for anything but reverence and worship.

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I have read the letters, and, sweetheart, I am more ashamed than ever of the part I played. If I had been in earnest, if I had supposed in asking for them that there was even one chance in a million, any chance whatever, you would

let them go; if my conscience was not clear on that point at least; if I had ever really questioned or doubted your abounding love, I could not look you in the face. I would feel too small and mean and petty-minded to even hope for forgiveness. Never before since Cupid was born has there ever been a greater, truer, purer, sweeter, tenderer love than they revealed. But my darling, it is not one grain more than I believed you felt. It is only rarer and finer than I thought possible; than I ever knew of.

The letters have cured me, dearest dear, of all fever in my blood, of all jangling in my nerves, and I rest serene and contented. They have taken me out of myself, to you, and whether you believe it or not, this will have an extraordinary effect on my foot. It is the mental healing of the East and ancient days. I shall be well now very soon. Did I tell you that I am moving around, a few steps at a time. I feel like dancing.

Sweetheart, you have a blush left. You

do not yet stand mentally before me in "the altogether." Your mind is still wrapped in a kimona. Do you wonder? I remember that afternoon when you shyly looked up in my face and asked me how old I was, and I gravely answered "twenty-one, last month." (I date my life, my real birth, from my emancipation by Uncle George, and I will not count those first sixteen years before that birth.) That brings my entrance into manhood the very week I realised my love for you. That was my meaning. You nodded quietly, gravely. I supposed you saw an inner meaning behind my answer. And you certainly did. You knew my legal age as well as I. Now what you mean by treating my answer as serious in your letters to yourself, and even in your letters to me, is more than I can fathom. It is a jest, of course, some tender jest as fine as wire, some metaphor of love; but it is a corner of your heart, a room in your mind,

"Whose keys are lost and on whose door is set the Cadi's seal."

You must not tell me, dear, until one year from our marriage, what quaint conceit is hidden away in this; and, until I know, the secret treasure of your love for me is unrevealed. It was probably hidden away in those letters you have kept back. Keep it and guard them. Let the Cadi's seal remain unbroken until we keep our first anniversary.

This secret is the sweet mystery of why you love me, why April weds September. Could it be possible you divined the meaning behind my answer, that I had come to the age of manhood a month before in the baptism of love, and that you took it for your own idea of me? Don't tell me now, make me "guess again," and yet again. Punish me.

I feel like a whipped dog who knows his whipping was just, trying to make friends with his Master. Do not heap any more coals of fire on my head. Nip in the bud any tendency to sacrifice yourself further, or sometime you may rob yourself to pay Paul, and find when the worm



turns, that the heavens have fallen on injustice and it was Peter you owe. (I can copy other men's metaphors if I can't make my own.) You see I must make a jest, after all, a babbitt one, out of a machine shop; your thistledown fancy is beyond me.

I have eaten the pie. The woman did give me of the pie and I did eat. It was good, better than any mother ever made. You may evict me from your old Eden, the roof leaks anyway and I thought of moving, but you cannot levy on our sticks and wild fruit has a better flavour than tame. Henceforth I will take the name of Captain Kidd. "God's laws I did forbid."

I feel like a two-year-old. That pie is a better tonic than bi-sulphate of quinnia or phosphorated strychnia.

LETTER XXXVII.

SOUL'S DELIGHT: I am very glad now that I was "a gallows young hound in the days of my youth," but I lack a little the age of Crossjay and I am afraid I cannot find a white hair in my head even to please you and match yours. My hair is cropped too close to have any come out in the comb. And yet I am willing to make a very small wager that other eyes than mine can find plenty of white hairs if they look for them. Yours will not, I know. You do not want to find them in your "young man" only "twenty-one years old." I am not even so old as that in my heart or head, but I am millions of years old in my love for you.

Years do not count with me. I never give them a thought. Ten years ago seems but yesterday. When I am alone

I am never more than twelve. All beyond that is a masquerade. That was why the difference in our ages never occurred to me. You were just *You*, my other self, my twin soul, and that you had slept a few minutes later in this one day of our great life did not matter.

I am reading and re-reading the casket letters, the Resurrection Pie, and each time they seem more and more wonderful. Do you know that I am not sorry I was too old to be your Prince Charming; that your first impression was one of strangeness and not attraction. You say, "I held you at first in too much awe to discover charm in you." It was not "awe"; you did not use the exact word to express the emotion, and I do not know that I can better it. It was the sub-conscious and intuitional knowledge, the revelational knowledge, that we two were one in the invisible world, and it was something you did not at first understand or comprehend. It was the same feeling you would have if you had never seen or heard of the sea

or ships, and, knowing of nothing beyond canoes on lakes, should awaken on board a mighty battle-ship on the ocean. You had never in all your life heard of any love but that of the senses, and as I was not young enough to be a Prince Charming, and as you had never had sensual love awakened in you, you did not know the meaning of the strange emotion, of which, from its newness and your inability to properly classify it, you felt a little afraid. Slowly your eyes were opened and you saw it meant Love; the real true love. It was a mighty battle-ship and the other was a canoe. If you had had a previous love affair of the usual kind, where merely the positive electricity of one human dynamo was attracted by the negative electricity of another, you would have immediately recognized the class of emotion you felt and known that it belonged to another order or species in the Kingdom of Love. (I do not say higher, but another.) Now, dearest, you are feeling the dynamics of Love, the earthly

love, as well as the Heavenly love, and this earthly love has followed the other. Ask your heart if to-day I am not Prince Charming as well as Prince Wonderful; Launcelot as well as Arthur. It will answer "yes," without hesitation.

Now, dearest, do you see the inner meaning of the Arthurian legend : that which makes it a poem? Guinevere met Launcelot, the earthly love, first, and could not be entirely true to Arthur, the heavenly love, whom she met after. If she had met Arthur first, she would have seen nothing in Launcelot. She would have found both natures in Arthur, the heavenly and the earthly. "If we have a spiritual body, we have a physical one also." The two are in union ; but the physical is merely the servant of the spiritual.

I smile, sometimes, at the inner light of your letters ; at their unconscious revelation of the two natures working in you. When I am seven miles away you kiss me, you fondle me, you cannot get too

close to me. And when we are together, you know how rarely you kiss me, how perfectly satisfied you are just to hold my hand and say nothing, or merely yea, yea, and nay, nay, for more than this seems superfluous to you. And the explanation is that when we are apart the earth love is paramount and dominant; when we are together the spirit love is Lord and Master, and the other its well trained and obedient servant.

How do I know this? How can I read you so well; for it is true? By myself, and my own love for you. Love is not blind, my rosemary, except among the blind. My love for you has taught me more psychology than I thought was in the world.

Once I was blind, but now I can see;  
The Light of the world is Love, dear.

It is not the love of sense which opens our eyes. "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love," the wise Rosalind remarks, and

what she says is absolutely and exactly true of the love of sense, and it is of that love, the only kind she knew, that she is speaking. The martyrs to science and religion multiply an hundred fold those to the garden god Eros. It is the Love beyond the sense, the love that makes us one with God and unites us through Him in the marriage made in heaven, that sanctifies and hallows its earthly expression in the earthly marriage; and so far the prayer book and Church are right. Whom God hath joined together in the Love of which he is the concept, no man may put asunder. Nor will the earthly expression of it ever lose its joy and sweetness.

Take two needles, magnetized, and place them near one another. They fly together, and force will be required to part them. Do not use it; let them alone for a day. Twenty-four hours later look at them, and they have fallen apart. They have become "equilibrated," each having given the other the particular magnetism it lacked. Attraction (mag-

netic) no longer exists. Is this not true of many marriages you know? Do you not know many such human needles?

Take the same two magnetised needles. Pass a slight current of electricity through them as they cling together. You may leave them for a year or a century and their magnetic attraction never ceases. They have both attractions, the higher and the lower, and the lower lives and increases as the days go by. Is this not true of some marriages you know? They have this current of divine or celestial love running through them, and the earthly love never ceases.

"All love is lost but upon God alone."

The love that passeth all understanding was revealed to me theoretically in the Mysteries, many years ago, and I knew it in the abstract. You have been its expression in concrete form. When I think of what your love has been, and is, and will be to me in the future when you pass with me behind the veil of the temple,



I feel so full of thanks that I want God to be a person, an old man with a long beard as Jews and Christians imagine him and portray him in the mediæval prints, so I may get down on my knees and thank him for his goodness to me. There, is not that exhibition of mental atavism, of egotism and narrowness—honest, to say the least?

LETTER XXXVIII.

HARP OF THE SOUTH : I know and understand better each day of life that I am no scholar of the things in my own tongue. I have heard of Dunbar, of course, but I was under the impression that he was a negro, born a slave in the United States during the civil war, and as a live negro is better than a dead Scot—your Dunbar has been dead so long, four centuries, that he is really dead, not sleeping like Lazarus—I think I prefer the companionship of Lawrence to William. Let Americans draw the color line if they wish to ; we should not.

But Michael Scott, great Scott, where did you get a copy of Dunbar, and when did you learn to read the Yiddish English? Do you know what you have let yourself in for, by this revelation of

your power? We will buy a type-machine, and hire a stenographic maid to play on it, and you must translate an hour daily for her to copy in clear print; and then I will read all you can provide. That will be fun.

Each day you show some new and delightful phase of character, supplementing mine, some plethora where there's a vacuum in me. There's only one person in all the world who could for a moment doubt that you and I were foreordained for one another from the foundation of the world. What I lack, you have in such abundant measure that you can spare all I need. And my mechanical and commonplace Martha nature, busied with the things of this world, can give your fancy free rein by supplying all the tail to your kites they may need to steady them.

I have a bit of news for you. I enclose a letter from my great-aunt in Wales, my father's Aunt Diane, whom I love very dearly and ill-treat most shamefully, try-

LETTER XXXIX

(ENCLOSURE IN PRECEDING.)

DEAR ———: Some kind friend has sent me a paper containing the announcement of your engagement to ———'s daughter, and while you might have written me a line to tell me the news, I will forgive you for her sake. Her father had the quickest and most passionate of tempers as a boy, but otherwise he was the sweetest and most lovable lad the sun ever shone on. Even if ——— has her father's temper, if she inherits his other qualities you couldn't marry into a better breed for the mothering of your children. He married quite late in life, after I came here, so she must be very young. Give her my love, and tell her she must come here for a fortnight in

her great happiness and let a little of it flow over on a very lonely old woman who loves you as a son and wants to love her as a daughter. And do not forget to let me know in time when the wedding will be, so that I can send her a little gift.

How does your mother take it? She ought to be as pleased as punch, but there never was any telling what she would do or say. Your father must chuckle to himself, if he takes any interest by this time in earthly matters, and call it retribution for his only son to marry \_\_\_\_\_'s only daughter.

Write to me or I will cut you out of my will, and leave all to your wife, or your heirs.

Your lonely and loving AUNT DIANE.

# LETTER XL.

BONE OF MY BONE: This is just a line to tell you that Lady A—— and mother have quarrelled over you, and mother has taken to her bed.

Lady A—— called to-day and almost her first question was to ask about you. She told mother she had come to see the three of us, and when mother said you were not here, and had not been here, she said, "What, you do not mean to say she refused your invitation! She is not so prudish as that. Why didn't you carry her off and make her stay here for a week?"

"I do not think she received mother's invitation," I said.

Then the fun began. If mother has a battle-ship's "side," Lady A—— has a merry hotchkiss mouth, and it ended by

the latter going off in a huff and mother going to bed. I didn't hear all of it, only a small part, for discretion is the better part of valour, and after I had set them by the ears, I left them to fight it out. I never cared for the honour of umpiring a scrap between women.

You and I have no better friend than Lady A——, and she is a friend worth having.

I shall meet you in my dreams to-night.

## LETTER XLI.

DEAR MARY AND MARTHA: Do not worry at little things and remember always that we have many lives. I wish you could remember your past life. You would see how absurd our daily worries are. Would you like to? It is all stored up in the subconscious memory behind the ear, and some day we will be able to remember all our past lives.

Keep your divine inheritance in mind. When you feel out of sorts, sound the notes I gave you, or sing the mantram holding them, and see how quickly mental peace will come.

I will follow this so swiftly that I will tell you all I would add—not in words, perhaps, but in thought.



LETTER XLII.

MY FAR-OFF DARLING : There is no news. Literally everything is as you left it. Mother has gone to Scotland, to the——'s. I am going to visit Aunt Diane, and the scenes of my youth, soon. How I miss you, no words can tell.

I have been putting two small cases in my den to hold about three hundred books. One case containing about fifty books, mainly scientific, in my den, and another containing about one hundred in the "library," are all that Pembury can boast of. I will have two cases for your den, but you must buy the books to go into them. Then I will sit and criticise your choice while you throw them at me.

My habit has been for years to read a book, digest it, and pass it on to some one. The library at Hatterling has over three

thousand volumes, not one of much later date than 1850, or worth reading, or worth anything except for fuel, and they will not burn. They are absolutely rubbish, except that there are some "first editions." If I should ever come into Hatterling, one of my first orders would be to give each and every book in the library away to the first person kind enough to take it off my hands ; and to burn any remainder. I do not care for books, as you do, "to have and to hold," but I am making up one shelf of books you haven't read, which will send you off on a mental debauch, such as I used to go on. We will go on it together.

Bless you, my darling, and come back to me dancing.

LETTER XLIII.

MADONNA : I have just been holding hands with you for an hour. Communion is too sweet to break the silence with words. In the silence I hear your thoughts. You would not have one hair of my head changed, and yet, you wish I had been made with a love for art ; an admiration for Browning, and—well, those two, any way. So do I, dear, if it would make you happier ; but it would not. It is the *difference* between us that makes me dearer to you. Is that difference one to quarrel over, or laugh over.

See Art from my point of view for a moment ; it will not hurt you. Subject to amendment, for a predicate, I crudely define Art as “the concrete expression, for preservation and conveyance to others, of any general idea or universal emotion.”

A statue or picture has no art in it unless it does this. There can be no more art in a painting than in a photograph unless there is something in the painting the photograph lacks, and with deference to Ruskin, this something cannot be mere imperfection in mechanical construction, as he insists. Because the eye lens is imperfect, and the camera lens is perfect, to present a church steeple as the eye sees it, is art; and as the camera sees it, is mechanics, he contends. I deny that either is art. Both are mechanics; pure mechanics. Unless there is some idea or emotion involved in the steeple that can be conveyed to others by the picture, there is no art in it. Because the eye lens is imperfect, pictures usually must be imperfect to correctly convey from one eye to another the emotion they preserve; but while this excludes the camera from the domain of art, it does not bring into the domain of art everything the human eye can see and the hand correctly depict as seen.

The distinction is important and far-reaching. A painting, therefore, is no more an object of art, necessarily and *per se*, than a stain or smudge. The burden of proof lies upon the painter of a picture equally with the whitewashers of Tom Sawyer's Aunt's fence to show that the work is artistic. There is nothing in the mechanical execution that can be invoked to show this, for that can only be invoked to show it is not artistic, but mechanical. What must be shown to prove art?

You may say beauty. But Beauty is absolutely and entirely a mechanical effect. It is the line of least resistance, effort, waste. Beauty is "perfection of purpose." There could be no more beautiful thing in existence than a perfect marine-engine, a perfect steam-hammer, a perfect house, a perfect man, or a perfect child. The Greeks knew what Beauty meant, and never had any other idea of it than the purely mechanical one of perfection of purpose. There is no more art in colour

than in the rainbow or solar spectrum; but there may be more beauty. It depends upon mechanics, mathematics, the thorough base of colour, whether it is beautiful or hideous, harmonic or discordant.

You will have begun your tour of the galleries by this time. I found them a weariness of the flesh. But analyse your sensations and see if the pictures you delight most in are not those which you want to write stories about; which tell you something emotionally which you want to put into ideas and words. Then note how many canvasses there are which express no more emotion or idea than a whitewashed wall—celebrated ones, I mean; priceless ones. There are not, as I remember, more than ten pictures in the Uffizi and Pitti which I would prefer to cartridge paper on the walls of any room I was to live in. Make a note of the ten you want most, and of the ten you want next most, call for my list and compare. Nine of my ten will be in your first ten.

Unconsciously your taste will guide you to the real art, that which preserves for us the emotions of others.

"Art," dear, is one of the humbugs and superstitions of the world. The greatest painter or sculptor of these modern times is not worthy the honour and respect we should show a cab-driver in London, for the reason that our "greatest" painters and sculptors are not our best, but usually our worst. We have false rules of judging. Imagine at a bench-show giving the prizes to the dogs with the longest tails, or the longest legs! That is the way they hang pictures at the Academy and the way they value them in Florence. Stand free. Declare your independence in thought. Refuse to acknowledge the tyranny of the combined folly of fools, and think for *yourself*. Do not take what I say, or any other man says, as true. Take what your reason and intuition tell you is true. I do not want to influence your judgment in any way. But I do want your judgment to be *yours*—not that

of some one else. I am so jealous of you that I do not want you even to agree with me in opinion. I want you to be all *you*; perfect you.

This letter is so long I will spare you any more and pass Browning by. Was that a sigh of relief? No, you are only tired; and I am dry.

In your deep sleep, come to me. You can; I go to you; I am with you the moment I lose consciousness.

My foot has been an excellent excuse for giving up sport and "gardening." It is as well as ever, but I am not telling anyone except you, and I am sparing it all I can.

Aunt Diana sends you her love, if you can find it in the oceans of mine.



LETTER XLIV.

DEAR BIRD OF PARADISE: I have been having bad dreams lately, dreams I cannot remember the smallest incident of when I awaken, and the effect is depressing. Some, much of my light-heartedness has come from my almost constant comradeship with you in the unseen world, when my consciousness and yours are lost to physical vibration in slumber. Lately I seem to have lost the touch, except when awake, in my waking dreams and my Silent Hours.

I have been foregathering with your uncle, who has at last taken me into his confidence. Do you know how I won it? Telling him a story of my first day as an apprentice, wheeling ore. He has never regarded me as anything but a garden Englishman, made to stand around and

look pretty, and I have caught many a look of pity in his eyes when he chanced to look at you when you were pinning a flower in my button-hole or petting me.

It is hot weather, and our chairs were out under the oaks; we were smoking and saying little. Some chance word of his gave me the opportunity and I began the story. His shaggy brows came down and his eyes never wavered in their scrutiny of me until I had finished. "Did you remain a week?" he asked. "Four years," I replied, "and I have passed all my Board of Trade examinations to chief engineer, and had some actual engine-room experience." I told him of one from Columbo to Singapore, on a tramp steamer with a "pirate" captain.

"Why?" he asked.

"To feel independent of fortune or birth," I replied, "and to win my spurs, as I would have had to do centuries ago when coat-armour and the right to wear it meant something."

He reached out his hand and without

a word more we became brothers in blood. You cannot imagine the difference it makes in our conversation, since he discovered that I was a man. It amused me in old time to see how carefully for your sake he graded his conversation and topics to my supposed intelligence ; and I helped him for pure mischief. Yesterday he took me through the Works as an equal, talking Kws and Kmgs, dynes, ergs, and gausses, and all the rest of it, and once asking my advice ! Some of it was a test, for I caught a twinkle in his eye, but I passed the trap safely and am wearing my new honours meekly, as becomes a philosopher ; but secretly I am very proud of the liking, I almost wrote affection, with which he now regards me. This will please you, and my pleasure is in knowing it will.

I have purchased a note-book and I am putting down in it questions I want to ask you and remarks I want to make when we meet again. Texts and Topics, is the name, and I have twenty-three

entries. We must sit down together and go over them in order one by one.

You asked me once, if I was satisfied with you and I did not answer. My heart was too full. Dearest, you are all in all.

LETTER XLV.

DEAREST DULCINIA: You said that last night we were together, "you must tell me some time why you do not like Browning, and you must give me *good* reasons." I feel in the mood to do it now. I have just finished going over the "Ring and the Book," once again for your sake, to see if there was an idea or a line I wanted to make mine. There was not.

Take Browning as a whole, as we take a machine. As a poet, what is his philosophy or purpose? What is the motive underlying his song, for all song has a motive and expresses an emotion.

He is the only poet of Lust in the language, so far as I know. He asserts that the purely physical attraction between man and woman is "the rich blossoming of the soul," and it is not only the right, but the duty of every man and woman

who feel this animal attraction to give themselves up to it without restraint. It is the glory and power and delight of Lust that he sings: and his undercurrent is that we live but one life and reach our highest manifestations as animals. I am writing plainly, more plainly than I could speak. He does not write this plainly. He sugar-coats it in every way. He garbs himself in spiritual robes and uses all the "patter" of the *nourmana-chaya* to hide the direction in which he is going and the final destination of the reader. In this he is the very antithesis of the most spiritual poet England ever had, Swinburne, whose every thought and every idea is that of the invisible and spiritual world, but who clothes them in the most sensual language and imagery he can find.

Now I happen to know that *man* is not an animal. When the mineral came to the end of its evolution it carried the seed of a new kingdom, the vegetable. When that ceased, or reached its culmin-

ation, it bore the seed of the animal kingdom. When the animal reached its highest state, the anthropoid ape, it had the seed of the new kingdom, Man. That kingdom has not yet reached a high state of development. It is only barely possible to recognize the distinction. We are still at the branching of the ways, and we may classify some animals as men and some men as animals, making the same errors we do sometimes at the meeting points of the other kingdoms. But man is a kingdom by himself—or rather the lowest species of an entirely new Kingdom.

So much for the physiological point and Browning's laudation and glorification of the animal tendencies, which is as if the lowest forms of animal life should hold up vegetables as their highest expression and ask to be manured. That is what Browning does.

Now it happens that our modern science in the laboratory has solved this riddle of the kingdoms, and with it that of man.

We have two physical bodies, one of matter and one of ether. So has every fifty-ton gun turned out at Armstrong's. So has everything in or on this earth, whether of solid or liquid or gas, for each and every atom of physical matter is the centre of a molecule of etheric atoms, and no two physical atoms touch, not even in the hardest of steel. Every combination of material atoms has two physical bodies, one tangible; one intangible. The Universal Life force, working through the *etheric* body of the mineral transforms it into a plant; and so through each of the others. Working through the *etheric* body of the animal, Life, "the rich blossoming of the soul," gives us man—not by following animal impulses, but by branching off from them. A community living according to Browning's ideas and teachings would in five generations become gibbering apes; magnificent animals, perhaps, but no more.

You will dispute this generalisation and analysis of Browning's impelling



motive, because you know little of the world, less of the subtlety of perverted minds returning to animalism, and nothing of the mystery of life. For the same reason, so will many of his admirers. But Browning's disciples who understand him will dispute it because they know it to be true; and the truth is the last thing they wish known, for it will stop their debauching the minds of men and women. That is why I avoid the subject. I want a quiet life. I never correct anyone. I never dispute with any one. But you said I must admire Browning or give a good reason. Is this a good one?

There is much that is admirable in Browning, outside of and apart from his free-love doctrine. His philosophy and theology are sound and sweet; but unfortunately his free-love, or lust, like the ether, permeates and is an integral part of it.

"Solomon had a million wives," according to Huck Finn, and yet was a wise man. But, as Nigger Jim said, a

man may be wise in some things and a fool in others, and like Jim, I would prefer a boiler factory to a harem, if I had to choose. And Solomon does not preach lust even if he practices it ; while Browning reverses Solomon and preaches it without practising it.

I do not think you will care any the less for me because my wife in this life will be the one woman in the world to me ; or because I have a different conception of the truth, in this respect, from that of your favourite poet. I have no morals. Neitherwise any religion. Leastwise any respect for current opinion. They do not enter into the question ; but I have an inheritance from past ages and a future life to live, and I simply cannot afford to trade the former for a mess of Browning pottage, when I am not hungry ; or imperil the latter, when there is nothing to gain. Kiss me in forgiveness, dear, and let it go at that.

LETTER XLVI.

DEAR SUNSHINE: I came down to this quaint and gray and memory-haunting spot yesterday, and have spent my morning on my back on Twloch Hill, looking westward to the sea (or rather St. George's Channel, but we must not be too accurate), thinking of the English girl a-trapesing, through the dim and dusty corridors of the old Uffizi palace, with its second-hand old pottery from some prehistoric lottery, and its horrors by Poccetti and its saints by (Bal) 'dovinetti, which she thinks she likes immensely, till she passes Bandinell(s)i. Then the holy ones come piling, from the far past centuries, smiling, till her brain is in a flutter, and I think I hear her mutter, as the porter closed the door, "Do not show me any more."

Really, I have been just a little envious,

or rather covetous of your delight in your first art bat. No, that is not accurate. It was not envy or covetousness, but sorrow that I could not share it with you ; that the thin chianti would not go to my hardened head ?

All that passed away this morning as I looked into the clear blue sky, or drew down my eyebrows in a vain attempt to see across the tossing waves beyond the black hulls of the war ships, to Wexford. I wasted half an hour trying to get, by mental arithmetic, the versine of the one hundred mile arc of the earth's surface, to see if I was looking off into space from my elevation of one hundred and fifty feet, before I caught the Irish coast. I failed utterly. My wits have gone wandering, sweetheart, this summer day.

Aunt Diane welcomed me with both hands, and when the rector and some others dropped in for tea and slim-cake—*we* must have slim-cake, afternoons, of the Welsh kind—I slipped out of the window and started off across the hills to

renew my old acquaintance with the family of the farmer who acts as steward for the small estate.

Ah me! All were dead or married and gone. The son who had succeeded his father had been a weanling when I last saw him. "And Johnnie," I asked, "your brother Johnnie? What has become of him?"

Kigarrow looked at his wife and then at me. "Tell him," she said. "The hill and the river claimed him," he muttered. "Yes," said Mrs. Kigarrow la jeune, there was a frightful storm when I was five years old—that's twenty years ago; I remember it well, and I have often and often heard mother, Johnnie's mother, tell of it. It was so bad that Johnnie was afraid that the shepherd's hut would be washed away, and he started out to warn him, telling the others to bundle into bed and keep warm. That was the last ever seen or heard of him. He did not reach the hut, and although every foot of land has been gone over, not a trace of him

has ever been found. We all say the river and barrow claimed him."

What she said sent a queer chill through me and all night I was dreaming of caves and river beds and phantoms and wraiths and uncanny things.

That time I told you of when I was ten years old that marked an epoch in my life was mother's sending me and my brother here to her aunt's for a month, a whole month, while she went off to Italy, for some reason or other. Johnnie, the farmer's eldest son, was a man about thirty years old, six feet eleven, with a long russet curly beard, who did all the head work and more hand work than any two men. Jack and I did not know his name, except that it was John, or who he was, though we were with him every day; and when we told him of our escapades, he would shake his head and say, "Look out, or Johnnie Kigarow will catch you." "Who is Johnnie Kigarow," Jack asked, and he told us legends of him that were better than Tom Sawyer ever imagined

could be invented to curdle blood. His home was under Twloch Hill. Twloch river above the inch, in the broad shallows, was his bed. He claimed all the gorse on the hills, and if any one wasted it, he would come after him on horseback.

It was the first folk lore and fairy tale we had ever heard, and we drank it in, every drop. I was sceptical. The iron had entered my soul, and away from the home rule at Hatterling I gave it vent. Remember I had never then heard or read a fairy story, except Bunyan's allegory, and one night in the great kitchen of the farm house I scoffed at Johnnie Kigarow. "I made a fire on the hill to-day," I boasted, "and he couldn't catch me." In a moment I was swinging in Johnnie's hands around in the rafters.

"Yes, he has caught you ; I am Johnnie Kigarow," he said in a voice so stern and solemn that my blood really ran cold. I was frightened.

Then he laughed and set me down ; but I did not get over my fright for days.

Then Aunt gave me Dasent's "Tales from the Norse," and when I left for home I took with me a firm belief that the tales Johnnie told were true, that he was a troll and really did live under the hill, as any troll would. Of course I outgrew it; but it left its mark.

How my pen wanders, because I am in such perfect touch with you. I sat down to tell you of the peace and quietness of this delightful spot, just a piece of heaven, and I wander, wander everywhere, like beauty in Killarney, or Italy. I cannot fix my attention and I want to do some concentration of the strongest kind.

Aunt Diana talked to me last night for an hour about your father. I did not say anything at first about mother's unpleasantness, and drew Aunt on. She said they were boy and girl together and openly and pronouncedly lovers. Mother was crazy over your father, she said, but they were never formally or openly betrothed. There was no engagement to be broken, when mother married my father out of



hand, in a month after she accepted him to the astonishment of all her friends and relatives.

For some years after my father died everybody expected your father to marry my mother ; but he finally married your mother. Here we have the key to a possible motive ; but it seems hardly large enough. Mother is "peculiar" minded, but she is not so small and petty as this would make her. She thinks you "a sweet and lovable girl," and says that frankly and not grudgingly ; not once, but many times. "We can agree perfectly on that," she said once.

We do, my darling. How I wish I had you here with me.

## LETTER XLVII.

DEAR EASTERN STAR: I took Aunt Di into my confidence last night. I told her the whole story of our love, and I read to her some little pieces of your letters to show her what a darling and delight you were. Then I told her of mother's fierce and stubborn opposition when she heard who you were—not all; I have never told you all, but enough for her to understand. I told her of mother's evasion of any reason for it and I asked her if she could give me any clue to mother's state of mind.

Aunt Di was amazed and indignant. My father was her favorite nephew, the only son of her younger brother, and I could see that her love for my mother never was anything to boast about. She advised me to compel mother to give me her reasons, to fight it out now and at once. She

questioned me closely on my finances, and I told her that I did not care for mother's money; that I had always lived within the little income from my father and Uncle George; that all the allowance from her on condition I would not "go into trade or money-making" had been saved, and that I was practically independent, having no expensive vices or fads or pursuits.

"Your mother may be crazy," she said; "but if not, you have her obstinacy, and she ought to know it. She is absurd. There's not a flaw to find in the girl. Suppose her mother's sister did marry a famous scientific man who uses his brains to make money because he was a younger son, let your mother look to home. Where did her own money come from? Every penny came from trade, though you may not know it. Fight it out. The girl's worth all and more to you than she will cost, and you'll never regret, no man ever did, leaving father and mother and cleaving to your wife."

She said much more in the same strain, and it was delightful music to hear her putting my own thoughts into her words.

I am going to have it out with mother at the very first opportunity. What Aunt Di has told me of her love affair with your father I shall use to make her give me a reason; and, if it is mere prejudice, jealousy, or that sort of thing, I shall dismiss the matter from my mind, refuse to listen or discuss the matter further, and let mother pray herself into a change of heart by herself.

I am going to Pembury by the night train. Mother writes that she will be at Hatterling after Monday, for the next month.

Aunt Di sends you her love, and I my darling, I? My love reaches out from me to you and keeps you one with me.

LETTER XLVIII.

MY OWN BELOVED: I have had my interview with the mater and it was a very bad two hours for each of us. The result is a truce till February. She is very broken; there is not a trace of her old imperiousness, and she looked so careworn I did not jest with her about your father. I merely mentioned that she knew him, and she said yes, she had known him for many years before his marriage. I was very gentle, but very firm. It was not a question of likes and dislikes, but of good and sufficient reasons such as the prayer-book recognised, I told her, and that no entreaties or prayers should be listened to. I can't even tell you, dearest heart, all she made me pass through before I could make her realise it. Then she said she wished me to take her wishes

into consideration until February, and then, if I would wait till after her birthday, (which is on the 15th) she would make one more appeal to me, which would be final. It would be her last word on the subject. I consented. That was right, was it not? And I promised that we would not be married before then, or without her knowledge after that date.

So we have a truce till then. It's a long way off, dear, and I wish we had married, out of hand, that first week we bared our hearts to one another. It is not so hard on me, my darling, as it is on you, for I have been drilled for thirty years not to hunger for what I could not have, and for fifteen years I have been killing out earthly desire of every kind, every day a little. You have noticed in your letters and in our talk the effect of this—that I am patient. But I know the bitterness to me, and what it must be to you, in the first flush of your womanhood, before you have been taught the great lessons of life, I can imagine. Be patient, dear, and it will all

be made up to you when you are my wife.

Your own pet poet and philosopher to whom I do not give so much honour as you wish I did, once put the Truth very prettily :

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords  
with might ;  
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out  
of sight.

The burden that rolled from Christian's back was the burden of Self. It is the consciousness of Self that gives us all our unhappiness. We are happy only when we lose it. Think! Were you ever truly happy except when you were thinking of some one else, when your Self had been put asleep and you were thinking solely and absorbedly of a thing, or of another? Were you truly happy at any other time? We can only serve ourselves wisely by serving others, and this takes patience, infinite patience in sinking the Self. It is only when Love comes to us, when

Love takes up the harp of Life, as he has taken up ours, and smites upon the Self, that it passes in sweet music out of sight. I never began to live, I never knew what Life was, until I loved you. I forget myself in you, and the infinite sweetness when Self passes away, you know.

I can write this to you, sweetheart mine, for you know it. You never dreamed what happiness there could be in Love until you tasted it. Analyse it. Why are you so happy? Why is your old life so blank and stale in comparison? Because you love! Yes, but that is not exactly it. It is because you sink your Self in me; you lose your Self in mine. It passes out of sight. The greatest joy is in love because Love smites the Self. But do anything you like for another, not to keep him from crying but because you want to act for him and do what he wants done, and note how happy you are while doing it—while Self is away. I too have had Love smite the chord of Self in me.



I sink my Self in you; I lose my Self in you. It is the drill and discipline of the Sons of Isis, the "Heavenly Marriage" of the Rosicrucians, and the true marriage of the prayer-book that no man *can* put asunder. I never let you know it, dear, but we have been married for months and months, to my delight and yours, in the higher marriage, in this marriage of the prayer-book. That is why I can have patience if the earthly marriage (which is merely to be seen of men) is delayed. Why you can also.

Please tell me how much longer you propose remaining abroad, and I wish you would fill out this card, writing after each date the place where you hope to be, as nearly as you can anticipate it.

Has ——— called on you yet? I wrote him a letter and sent him a post-card. The beggar owes me no end of courtesies, and he has a home I want you to see. He may also help you in many ways, without cost or trouble,

He is no end of a power—among Italians.

The castor oil's a tree where no tree else its shade affords.

Shut your eyes, dear. Hold them tight  
shut while you slowly count thirty. Who  
kissed you on lip and cheek and eye?  
Answer before you open your eyes.

LETTER XLIX.

BELOVED: You will find me at the right Bauer (*au lac*) in Zurich, on the 18th, prepared to act as your cicero, chaperon and guide, so long as your party will accept my services,

in ways no gaze can follow  
A course unspoiled by Cooks.

When you get there, sweep round your aching search-light. The deaf grey-bearded C—— will not be missed, though his gondola may. But I know Switzerland as the doctor in the story knew fits, and you shall have something on the Lake that will make you forget the gondola. I am not jealous of him. Not in the least.

You have been having a good time, I

hope; but I am going to take you off his swing-you-twist-you mud-scow with but a single sweep and give you a little music and dancing on the deck of "the only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest."

Give my love to the M.-A. Tell her she was very young and very silly once over a certain man, and is not so old now that she should have forgotten her duty, to give us just as long as she would have wanted for him and herself thirty years ago. The F.-U. says, "God bless you, my children; enjoy yourselves." His commutator that will not gum has been proven a success by twenty days' use. He is happy beyond words, and wants others to be, so as not to discord him; and I have been pulling out my old boyish drawings of a "perfect cut-off," and wondering if I can't win a victory myself over what is deemed impossible, as he has.

I leave Pembury on the 14th, stop one

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day in Paris on business, and reach Zurich, Thursday, the 18th.

Till then, my darling, may you be in His holy keeping.

## LETTER L.

DEAR LOVE: I wish I could tell you how precious you are to me. That is not within the power of words to correctly convey. Words are the mere vehicles of meanings, and the contents of the vehicles are often lost in the transmission or transportation. Words are very inadequate, any way, and though I do my best to put my meaning in them, I am often misunderstood. If I cannot make the right kind of a truck or van to carry to another my ideas on what is the right standard for moral conduct, or the important difference in idea between "To-morrow is Friday" and "To-morrow will be Friday," how can I convey my concept of Love by merely "unpacking my heart with words?"

The Speaker is one and the Listener is

another, says the ancient Arab proverb. Matthew Arnold's "Fourth Gospel from Within" notes that Homer said the same thing, "Words may make this way, or that way," and he gives a delightful dissertation on this text? Words fail often to convey the meaning intended, and more often convey a different meaning. That is why I am shy at using them to tell you how I love you. The words do not hold enough meaning. Men seek for words in things, not for things in words. Women seek both. You like to have me say "I love you," you say, in black and white, so that you can hear it with your eyes. You say that

Putting all my words together,  
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

When the heart is full, dear, one cannot write easily. The words tumble out any way. There is no chance for logical order or arrangement. 'Tis only the one who is not absorbed in his subject whose words are like gold nails in temples to hang

trophies on. I am absorbed in you, dear, so much absorbed in you that last night the thought came to me in my silent hour that it was vanity and self-love to love you as I do, for you were the major part of me.

This goes in the ten o'clock post. I shall see you at 2.45. Perhaps we will arrive together.



## LETTER LI.

DEAREST: I can not sleep until I have asked forgiveness for not telling you the name of the society, and the meaning of the mystic letters, M. Y. O. B. on my charm. True and double true, cross my heart, I not only can not but will not ever say to you the words they stand for. As I told you, true and ever true, it is the D. S. O. of our order which leads in time (differing from that) to the V. C. of the Rose in a Triangle. The membership of each lodge is limited to one person, and he pledges himself to see that the work of his lodge is faithfully carried on, whatever the circumstances may be. It is exoteric, on one side, so I can tell you about it.

The foundation stone is the Master's

injunction, "Judge not," and this is the motto.

The first instruction is, "There is but one way you can make the world better; that is by making yourself better. All you can add to your own virtue increases the world's by that much. It is impossible for you to add to another man's virtue. M. Y. O. B."

The second instruction is: "Each man acts and thinks by the light within him. He, and he alone, is responsible for himself. You do not know what his light may be and can not decide for him. That which passes harmlessly through silver wire will destroy iron wire. What may be good for you may destroy him. M. Y. O. B.

And so on. Now do you see, dearest darling in all the world, what the words mean *to me*. How appropriately my last letter fits in here. Suppose I had unthinkingly told you, using the words they stand for, would you not for a moment have thought me "very rude?"

That was what I meant by touching the charm when the M.-A. so grudgingly said that "perhaps, sometimes," we might "hate the sin and love the sinner." If ever I want to jump into an arena for a fight it is when I hear this immoral doctrine put forward. But for that phrase I might have won the Rose and Triangle years ago. It has tempted me into dispute and contradiction with those who do not wish to know the truth, which is that we must love sin even more than we love the sinner.

There is nothing but good in this world or any world. There is no evil in God, and all, everything, there is in the world came from Him—it must be good. There is no evil *per se*. (This is one of the great truths of Browning, which I wish he had preached without adding the glorification of the flesh, which does not follow.)

What then makes evil? Let me answer Yankeewise. What makes discord in music? What makes dirt in the house?

What makes muck heaps in the village?

There is no thought that can enter the mind of man that is not good thought under certain circumstances. I have challenged many clever theologians to name an act evil in itself and not good under certain circumstances. They could not. It is unthinkable.

Virtue then is the right thought in the right time or place—harmonic vibration.

Vice then is the right thought in the wrong time or place—discordant vibration.

Whether a thought or an act is holy or sinful depends not upon the act or thought itself, but upon the time and place—the circumstances; its harmonic relation.

Here is a muck-heap. It is a disease-breeding spot, sapping the health of the community. What has made this filth? Why the taking of things out of their proper place and putting them here in contact or touch with things they do not belong with. In old days we put a fence

around it, whitewashed the fence, and, holding our fingers to our nose, called attention to its innocence and purity. To-day the man of science comes. He separates the carbon, iron, sulphur, oxygen and other constituents and puts each with each. You look around astonished, for the muck-heap has become a rose garden at the waving of his magic wand. The harmony has been restored. The misplaced notes made a muck heap of discords, and the replacing of them in their proper relation restores the harmony.

The physical and metaphysical are one and the same world. The same laws govern each. There is not and can not be any moral law apart from physical, or physical law apart from moral. It is not conceivable. The human mind can not form such a concept. God's laws can not contradict. They form one and the same code. If they seem to conflict we have read them erroneously.

Here is an economic plague spot. It is sapping the morals of the community.

What has made this sin? Exactly the same thing that made the other filth—the taking of good thought and holy action out of their proper place and environment.

What shall we do with it?

“Put a fence around it and whitewash the fence,” cry all the theologians and “good-folks.” “Do not let any one study it, or expose it, or disinfect it. Hide it; deny it is there. It is hateful.”

Men of science not only pity physical filth but love physical filth, and they are erasing it from the world by transforming it into roses. In another century it will have disappeared from the earth because they do not hate but love it; and because they care for it and treat it with loving tenderness, as they treat the crippled or deformed, making them straight.

Theology hates moral Filth, or Sin, and it is increasing by leaps and bounds. New centres of it are constantly arising. The church will not permit the light of day to be turned on it, or any analytical

scientific measures to be adopted to replace its constituents with their class and kind. "It is Sin," yell all "good-folks." "Board it up, and whitewash the fence."

Mother took us up to Scotland with her, one summer, on a visit to her cousin, and, there being no children in the house, Jack and I drifted down to the village and found a group near the kirk.

"Who are you?" they asked us.

We told them and threw their question back.

"We're the good-folks children," was their grave reply.

I saw it all, as if but yesterday, when the M.-A. spoke, bless her dear, kind heart. To paraphrase Heine,

She has a heart; if she'd only a head,  
Long ago a sonnet on it I had made.

To make the lines rhyme you must give the word head the coster pronunciation of hade, or haid. I do not dare quote the German. I would mis-spell too many words.

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The dawn is peeping in at my window.  
I will send a photophonic kiss for you on  
the first ray of the sun that touches your  
window.



LETTER LII.

O FOND DOVE: The tiresome M. F. H. has wasted my two hours that were to be given to writing to you, although I had his cheque ready. I have never been particularly fond of John Peale, and to have his horn blown in my ears when I had something to say to you, almost made me imitate the action of the tiger.

It is one of the things we cannot avoid, and I hear your merry laugh and mocking voice saying, "patience," because I preached it once to you. I will cover you with flour and challenge you to tell of what I am thinking.

I wanted to write about your idea of a sixth sense and the "growing pains." Now it must go into limbo, for what we have to say does not need words.

As I post this on my way, you will not

get it until to-morrow and after I have gone, but I am hoping the M.-A. will invite me to dinner. Let me see how far my mesmeric influence will affect her. If she does invite me to stay, and I shall fish for an invitation, that is what will make me so extra happy—the fact that you will not know until to-morrow it was my “mesmeric influence.”

This is to kiss you between times.

LETTER LIII.

DEAR SOPHIA : You were right. Why should I not call you my wise one ? The little trouble has all passed over, and it might not have done so if it had not been ignored.

Mother writes me that she will stay out the month in London ; that she does not expect to return to Hatterling before the first, and that she would like to have me pay her a short visit. She wants to see me. It may be about some leases that will fall in next gale-day, as the Irish tenant will insist on calling quarter-day.

Talk of mesmeric influence ! I was over yesterday by the time your letter had reached the post. Your will is stronger even than capillary attraction.

Nothing was said about it to-night by anyone. Does your Aunt know your

Uncle invited me to stop at the Works  
to-day and go home with him to dinner?  
That's the way with men, dear. They  
forget.

With love that is tender and true.

LETTER LIV.

MY DARLING MARTHA: I did not care to make my reasons public, to speak where all might hear. The truth is not to be told at all times and places.

Tennyson is the profoundest occultist of English birth. He knows more of the lore of the East from the living-spirit inside than my dear friend Max Muller knows from the dead-letter outside. He is the greatest expert on sound and the power of the Name who has ever written. In his "In Memoriam" he has given seven mantrams, and in other poems fourteen others—twenty-one in all. He uses the mantrams over and over to produce his effects. He puts paragraph after paragraph of the thought of the secret instructions into his verse. He quotes constantly from the "illuminated"

text of the Upanishads. And he writes for success, for fame, to tickle the middle-class ear, to confirm it in its superstitions, using his knowledge as power over his fellows to increase his own glory and honour. To do this is what we call black magic.

Sound, my jewel in the lotus, is the greatest force in the Universe. It will soon be harnessed to machinery. The first commandment means thou shalt not utter a certain word, YAHVEH, which contains the vowel sound by which power is exerted over others. Every Eastern name of God in every language contains this sound, and every Eastern religion contains the prohibition. One reason for Tennyson's success is the rhythmical use in his verse of words containing this sound. The secrets whispered to Buddha in the tip-tapping leaves of the Bo-tree and the sighing of the wind in its branches came to the trained ear of Tennyson in the lip-lapping of the waves on the sand and the booming of the sea on the cliffs. He

knew the language. He had been taught it.

Tennyson's exoteric philosophy is the very reverse of his esoteric, of what he knew to be true; and he does not seem to care how much he misleads when it is to his own glory. I have the oriental contempt for truth-telling. It is the vice of fools. Truth should be given only to those qualified to have it, as the Master warns us. But the word written to be read must always be true. The oriental never misrepresents when he writes.

With the knowledge of a mahatma, Tennyson writes of love like a costermonger. With him it is merely desire for possession—a physical hunger. The joy of love is in the loving, not in the being loved (except as this increases the power to love); in sinking the Self, in smiting it, as he admits without applying it.

Love is what interests me now. Until I loved you I did not care how much Tennyson misrepresented Love. It was none of my business. Now it is my

business if you read him and permit his thought to influence you in judging my love.

That a man who has worn the blue robe, who thinks in universals, should only pipe (or write) of sparrow-hawks when he sings, instead of bringing life and immortality to light, would not interest me if the rustic murmur of a bourg were not so represented that you may think it the great wave which circles round the world.



LETTER LV.

MY SOUL'S DELIGHT: "And who are you," you say, "to criticise such a great man as Tennyson? You cannot write poetry."

I heard Dean Stanley tell a story of my friend Max which fits in as a reply. You are not old enough to remember the gossip among the "unco guid" when Muller was invited to preach in Westminster, nor the storm it raised among the High Churchmen. It was well they did not know that on the way home, after the sermon, the Dean remarked: "You said so-and-so in your sermon, professor."

"Yes," said Max questioningly, turning his leonine face to Stanley, his eyebrows rising.

"And I remember that St. Paul said so-and-so."

"Yes," was the slow, meditative reply. "Paulus was a great man. . . . I have read his book. . . . (This was in his deepest German guttural) . . . But I do not agree with Paulus."

"I changed the subject by asking him if he thought the ancient weather prophets were any worse liars than our modern ones," remarked the Dean.

Now if Muller could disagree with St. Paul without its affecting Stanley's love for him, may I not disagree with St. Alfred without its affecting your love for me? I have read his book. I admit he was a great man. But he never knew what it was to love any one as I love you.

LETTER LVI.

ONE ABOVE ALL OTHERS: Your defence of Browning, that you "think nearly all the poets open to the same objection," is partly true. But it is true of other incorrect thought that the mass of the writers repeat the errors and only a few writers see clearly. Our reason is given us to select these few, to discriminate, and to recognise Truth on the scaffold. To read a book has never been a light matter to me. I have felt it was my duty to myself to find out what truth there was in it, and to seize that truth.

How much error there may be in a book does not interest me. I might know every error of fact or inference in the Britannica; aye, in every book in the world, and I would not have added to my stock of knowledge by a jot. If I find

one little truth in each of ten books, I have added materially. What we seek we find, because our eyes are focussed for that special thing. If we hunt error, we find it; if we hunt truth we find it. But when we hunt one we seldom find the other because our eyes are not focussed to it. "If a man lies, let it go at that. If he errs, let it go at that. Pass error by. Never dispute. Never correct another. Life is too short, the road too long, for wrangling. M.Y.O.B."

The great lesson of all poetry, the great truth that poetry teaches, is that with which Dante ends his masterpiece, that the

Love, at whose word the sun and planets move,

is one and the same with Light and God. He wrote the Divine Comedy to show that "our earth loves in higher love endure," and if you will take the poets and look for this meaning you will find it abundantly set forth by the great ones. It will illuminate many passages.

Our own love, my darling, would be a very slender reed on which to lean if it had no deeper root than this earth or this life—if it was mere desire for possession. My love wraps you around, not in ownership but in One-ness. Love is at-one-ment. Christ was the at-one-ment—the Spirit of Love made perfect. As he loved the world, so I love you.

LETTER LVII.

TWIN SOUL OF ME: Your last words and my seven-mile ride to-night have set me in a state of nervous exaltation and "induced" from the other world an intense desire to write. Some dweller on the threshold is urging me to answer the D.-U's conundrum—

"Why are cobblers always atheists, and why are physicists (particularly M. and E. engineers) always devout, if not orthodox."

The last first. All study of physical matter from a brain-free standpoint shows that by some over-ruling Providence (as we call the orderly processes of evolution) each and every psychological or metaphysical or spiritual truth is first revealed to us in physics, so that we understand the physical application of it thoroughly

before we note the spiritual law. The informing of the spirit is physical, the out-forming of physics, metaphysics, is spiritual.

As the telegraph and telephone reveal telepathy and clair-audience, so the "continuity of matter" through the universe reveals the "heavens" beyond, and these reveal the Over-Soul, as certainly as the gas revealed the ether. A turbine engine is a "revelation" of God's will speaking with God's voice as never prophet, priest, or pope could hope to speak. It would be to any engineer who was not a mere mechanic. So with every physical thing we truly and honestly study from the physical side. It leads us straight to the Light; from matter to spirit.

There is no possible way to correctly study spiritual things except where the informing spirit is, and this is only in physics. The men who talk of spiritual things outside of our machine-shops and laboratories, outside of and apart from physics, of any not revealed in matter,

are blaspheming. Their only touch with spirit is in physics. Their only knowledge of spirit is in their (or some one's) knowledge of physics. Naturally the true students of physics are devout. I am not talking about Germans.

The cobbler studies only one thing—the errors of others. He is concerned only with errors. Naturally he acquires no truth and is an atheist. I doubt if any bishop ever lived who in his secret heart was anything else—unless he studied physics and found his God where St. Augustine found him, where I found him—in his works.

Make this your own, and then spring it on the D.-U. How he will stare. I'll help you get it correctly if there's a chance to-night.

Now for bed. In my dreams I am not going to visit you for you will be away. The mind rests in deep sleep by traveling. Meet me at Larch brook, where it crosses the road at the smithy. I will it—for this once. I am calling you. Meet me!



LETTER LVIII.

BELLE AMIE : The dull roar of London is again in my ears, and while I lost the sound within the hour, it has a depressing effect on my nerves, which has not been mitigated by mother's condition.

She is but the wreck of what she was a year ago, but she carries herself as stately and as rigidly as ever. It is pathetic to see the effort with which she does it and her absolute refusal to recognise the change that is taking place.

As I thought, the reason was the leases ; but as she left the matter finally to J——, without reference to what I said, it was not the real reason.

My darling, advise me. Should one not make great concessions to great grief, even when it is unreasonable? I cannot see her suffer so without being cut to the

bone, yet it is all so absurd, so utterly unreasonable that it seems like a nightmare.

I do not want to do anything I would regret in after years, and if I can only see the right I will do it. But I am in worse than a London fog.

If I only had your head on my shoulder, your heart on mine for a little while, I might see through it.

### LETTER LIX.

HEARTSEASE: Not having had a letter from you since I came to London makes me nervous and anxious. I shall stay only a few days more, returning Friday to Pembury. I wish you would answer before that time, so that I can get your letter before I start back.

Mother's health seems to me to be failing rapidly, but the doctor smiles at my anxiety and says there is no trace of disease or decay, that it is merely the change that usually comes at her years, which he calls "the settling down for a ripe old age, without much change hereafter."

The weather here has been fine. To-day the mist and fog settled down, and I have not left the house.

Nearly all my time has been taken up

with business. Two dinners and one reception are the extent thus far of my social dissipation and one dinner was to meet ———, who wanted to meet me. I could not refuse, but I cannot imagine what may be behind it. . . . .

I had my hand "hurt" when a lad and had to go for a week with it aching and paining in a big bandage. It seemed to belong to someone else, and the pain is of separateness. I have the same kind of a pain at this separation from you. You are mine and I am yours.

LETTER LX.

DEAREST LOVE: I returned to-night and will see you to-morrow. I wanted mother to come down to Hatterling and invite you over there; but she said she could not. If you knew, dearest, how it hurts me, the just resentment you naturally feel might not be mollified, but it would, perhaps, be lessened in degree. It is so foolish of mother. I have not a friend, she has not a friend, who does not think she is acting absurdly. Aunt Di expresses the universal opinion of my family and friends, that she ought to be a proud woman to have such a daughter; and to have her treat you so ungraciously simply amazes them. She has become a religious monomaniac, they say. I will admit something to you that I do not admit to them, that she may be a little

daft. That is the only construction they put upon her coldness to you, and it would be funny, if it were not so pathetic, if she finally admits as the last argument, that her objections are to my marrying a "godless" wife. You know that she does not even recognise the Church of England as Christian, or believe that any in it are of the "elect"; and it may be that she is making all this unhappiness because in your youth you were of the Church of Rome. Naturally and properly she is ashamed to admit it. Her common sense shows her how silly it is, in this day and generation, to say it among sane people.

If I had not such perfect faith in your broad mind, generous heart, and boundless common sense, I would be afraid you might object to becoming the daughter of such a mother, and if you did I should think you were amply justified. But, my darling, we are of full age. We have decided for ourselves a matter that really concerns ourselves alone, and much as we

may regret any pain to her, we owe it to ourselves not to let that swerve us.

You cannot imagine my relief at your words, that a grief cannot be great without reason; that to be great it must be reasonable. Under the spell of her tears and entreaties, and the shock at her altered appearance, I could not think clearly. I wanted your help and clear brain. Your few words were all that was needed for me to see the right. That was a moment when you had to take command of our little bark.

I have much to say to you to-morrow, but I want it to be of pleasanter things, and I pour out my woes in the silence and darkness of written speech that I cannot bring myself to say aloud in the sunlight.

LETTER LXI.

SWEET SPIRIT : You set me ransacking  
all the corners of my fantastic and tricky  
memory for the " quotation : "

Now sets the sun in roaring gray ;  
The chill blasts sough among the pines ;  
And on the cliffs that guard the bay  
Old ocean pours in curling lines,

or words to that effect, be the same more  
or less, provided they contain the first  
line. There was nothing, not even a curl  
of suggestion, anywhere to be found that  
resembled it. But there were many sis-  
ters, cousins, and aunts. It ought to be  
easily found, I thought. I shut my eyes  
and repeated

When chill November's surely blasts  
Make field and mountain bare.

It was not there. But Whittier's " Snow-



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Bound " has the same rhythm and idea,  
said I to myself :

The sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray

\* \* \* \*

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night.  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm.

Fooled again. It might be Scott,

Now sets the sun in roaring gray  
As on the hunter hies his way,

but then it's not.

The wanderer's eye could barely view  
The summer heaven's delicious blue.

Could it be Wordsworth? I never read  
him but I have heard quoted from him  
the tender couplet :

Drink, pretty creature, drink and pray  
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,  
Who built this cross and well.

and it might be the preceding line.

Gray would not have had the bad taste to work an advertisement of himself into a poem, although an American poet-editor was once credited with advertising his newspaper in a poem beginning

The sun sinks softly to his Evening Post.

This must have been June weather and what you are looking for is a sun setting in December, so we will have to look nearer home.

Aytoun might have written it in the Massacre of Glencoe—I'll admit he did not—

Now sinks the sun in roaring gray  
As through the rifts of whirling snow  
The Campbells march to slaughter all  
Their ancient foemen of Glencoe.

Thomson omitted it from his "Seasons." There are several passages in "Winter" where it can be inserted, but evidently it did not occur to him.

'Tis not in Shakespeare, that I know,

unless some reading gives us

Now sets the sun in roaring gray  
And twixt the green sea and the assured vault  
Makes howling war.

The older poets I have no knowledge  
of, but how is this from (the living, not  
dead) Dunbar :

Now sets the sun in roaring gray,  
Up comes the gale,  
And the mist-wrought veil  
Hides rock and reef in Dublin Bay.  
The storm king flies,  
His whip he plies,  
And bellows down the howling wind.  
The lightning rash,  
With blinding flash,  
Comes pricking swiftly on behind.

But my lack-knowledge must not weary  
you. There's so much a man does not  
know that one never stops in the telling  
of it when once he starts. Honestly, I  
believe no one but you ever "quoted" the  
line; that it is not familiar as household  
words.

Peters, who dropped in a moment ago,  
disagrees with me. He says he has

heard it, and gives me the lines

Now sets the Year in roaring gray,  
And hoary Time, in whirling flight,  
Brings down the Darkness and the Night.

as those he has heard quoted. He says  
from Tennyson; I say no.

And here it dawns upon me what a  
duffer I have been, mis-reading your lines  
so that all the foregoing goes for naught.  
It is year, not sun, that sets. Truly I am  
*not* yet used to metaphors. A setting  
year never occurred to me. Naturally, I  
thought of the sun. "He sets, even as  
a hen sets," says the poet, and if you  
don't believe it I can give you chapter  
and verse. It is one of the lines editors  
have eliminated from Rienzi's address to  
the Romans. It is in the "restored"  
text

"The bright sun rises to his course  
And lights a race of slaves. He sets,  
Even as a hen sets, and his last beam  
Falls on a slave."

You see that I am scuttling to try and

cover up my "clean missing the pint" that this was not a 'spute about the sun setten' but the year setten'. As Solomon did the same thing about thechile, it does not worry me so much as it ought.

It was such a happy day, yesterday, that I think it went to my head.

Peters has been for the last half hour calling you all sorts of names, because I will not cut my letter short and go out with him. I will not write them down for they are not the ones given to you in baptism, or by me in these letters.

In faith and trust, ever your own.

## LETTER LXII.

DEAR HEART: I had a letter from mother yesterday asking me to go to Hatterling and look after certain matters, but the important part, that which concerns us the most, was her acceptance of my demand that the *modus vivendi* which we agreed upon a dozen years ago should be abrogated, and that I should be free to make my own life what I pleased. I talked with her on this subject when I last saw her; and have written twice since. My last letter was an ultimatum, notifying her that the old agreement or treaty must end December 31. Her postscript accepts my decision, and there's a curious sense of freedom. I did not understand the weight of the chains of conditional heirship until I threw them off. I have more than enough of my own

for myself; enough for us both, and I can now take my place openly in the world of action and win fortune. Earned money can be enjoyed.

Mother does not expect, she says, to return to Hatterling for some time. Her London flat, she says, is much more comfortable.

There are some matters of outside importance which I am looking after. Some are yours and some are mine, but yours are the chief.

### LETTER LXIII.

MY DARLING: I am sending with this some game for the M.-A. which I shot yesterday.

For two days now I have been the happiest beggar within three kingdoms. I am living in your house, as your tenant at will, and when you take possession you will not turn me out. The first link in the chain that is to bind us together has been forged, and soon it will be finished.

Did you appreciate it as I did? Why were you so strangely silent on our last ride together? Were you wrapping some verse of Browning around you?

There's only one more ditch to jump, dear, and then we will be home—my final talk with mother. Really, it is unnecessary; but a promise is a promise.



If it will make her any happier to say any more, I cannot deny her. It seems like the tag to the ordinary woman's letter, a sort of postscript. Forgive me for saying anything criticising your sex. You never write postscripts. There never has been even one in all your letters. And you are not an ordinary woman. You are my heart and life.

LETTER LXIV.

MY WELL BELOVED: You are my first love; you will be my last love. No man could love any woman more truly and devotedly than I love you. You are first in my mind as well as first in my heart. And the love that fills me is sweet—sweeter than honey. Lean on it! Use it! Remember that I am *all* yours.

LETTER LXV.

DEAR MARTHA: I have your little book-cases finished, in place, and two shelves (not one) filled with books for you to read for the first time and for me to read for the hundredth. And now that I have them there will you care for them? Will not the command of this ship make you inclined rather to bridge than to book work?

Sweetheart, I want to be a boy again; to live over my boyhood as I should have lived it. I want to read Robinson Crusoe and Jack Shepherd, and Sixteen-String Jack, and even the Swiss Family Robinson, though I draw the line at Sanford and Merton. Tom Sawyer, The Jungle Book, the Pirates' Own Book, Peter Wilkins, Peter Schlemihl, and all the fairy tales and folk-lore I can find will jumble

together with Jack Harkaway, and Tom Cringle, and Gil Blas of Santillane.

But to do this one *must* have a chum. What would Huck have been without Tom, or Tom without Huck? I could not live over alone what I had been defrauded of, and now that I have found my other self, my lost self, I hope and pray she will go back into childhood with me. No one need know it.

I have made your cases with my own hands, out of brass. From one point of view they are works of art, although not perfect in purpose. They represent love.

One of my teachers once suggested to me as the difference between the work of a mechanic and the work of an artist that one worked for wage and left nothing in his work he had not been paid for, while the other worked for love and left the record of his love behind him written in his work. This made mere ornament, the treatment of detail adding beauty, also art, though a minor subdivision of it.

I once heard a very wise old sailor

say: "There's lots of things I brings 'longside, and some few I hists on board; but there's mighty little I stow away in my hold."

This was one of the things I stowed away. It does not qualify my definition of art as a record for the future but it explains why that record requires beauty to make the art perfect. It must harmonise through love with the great key-note of Love sounding through the Universe.

All of which is written to induce you or tempt you to give me another lecture on art, exposing my fallacies and false perceptions of it, as you did that lovely, lazy day on the Nettleberg.

Say, Huck, do you know of some cave around here where a band of robbers might meet, or do you know of any place where there is one. My heart once was set on having some small island on the west coast of Scotland, but now it is so set on you that the island has disappeared.

# LETTER LXVI.

SWEETHEART MINE : I have a letter from mother saying she returns to Hatterling immediately, and wishes to see me, about my marriage, on Thursday next. This action by her is a breaking of the truce, for we positively agreed not to mention the subject before February 15. However, if she does not wish to wait till then, I am very glad. So will you be, will you not, dear? What a relief it will be to have the final word spoken, and that incident closed, so that we may trim our sails for the great voyage on the ocean beyond the headlands.

Our boat is on the shore,  
But our bark is on the sea.

This news is so important, it means so much, that I have nothing else to send

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you except just a little bit of love. You have so much of mine around you that I have only a small piece that has not been given to you.

## LETTER LXVII.

JOY OF THE MORNING : I awoke at eight o'clock from a deep dream of peace to find the sunshine streaming into my room in a golden flood. What I was dreaming about I could not recall, for I did not think of doing it until it was too late, until after my mind had cognized the physical world by noting the dancing sunbeams, and transferred itself from the astral to the physical plane. I could catch just a fading glimpse of your smiling face, and you had said something I wanted to remember and could not. I was laughing at it.

It was a rather dull dinner and evening. The talk was all about sparrow-hawks, the petite monde of the shire; what the rector had said to Mrs. This about John's confirmation and what Mrs. This had told Mrs. That that the rector said. I did not notice any difference but some



one said, "Shocking." One man had bought a hunter, paying sixty guineas for it, and another had had two fairly good ones offered him for less money. I thought of a story you say you haven't read—one of Balzac's naughty ones. We will make a great mystery of it and read it some rainy day when we build a fire in our cave. What the women said I don't remember; I did not listen. I was joined to Miss A——, and all she talked about was the last run, and the weather prospects for next Wednesday. As she likes to talk and never says anything, I was perfectly satisfied. I only had to remark, "Yes," and "Certainly."

You asked me to notice if Miss —— wore a new gown. I noted her gown carefully, but I do not know whether it was new, and I did not like to ask, but from comment on it I overheard, I think it was. It was of very pale blue, just a suspicion of blue stirred in white; streaky, as my shirts were sometimes when Nance drank more gin than was wise on a wash-

day and put in too much indigo. It was satin, without sleeves, and held up as my waistcoat is, only a little more and less so. There was some kind of a "confection" in front. That is what one of the women called it. It was "very full in the skirt, much fuller than those usually worn," Mary remarked to Miss A—— and I made a note for your benefit.

I got away early, by 10:30, and was home at eleven. Instead of writing to you, I took my Silent Hour and went to bed, falling asleep instantly.

I wrote you fully about the announcement, Tuesday. It was what brought mother down.

This is a shorter letter than I want to send to my darling, but to-day is Thursday, and I go to Hatterling as soon as I post it. If I can, possibly, I shall return by way of Rosedene, to tell you once again what you never reprove me for saying over and over again. Do you know, *mijne meisje*, what it is? Does it go in one ear and out at the other, or are you saving up a little, my joy?

LETTER LXVIII.

—————: Summon your courage. You must be strong and brave. It is shipwreck, and we must part, never again to meet in this life. We may not, must not, cannot marry.

There is no fault in you. The fault is elsewhere. I can no longer love you as I did.

All that was between us must be at an end. For your good and mine, the only right thing is to say good-bye without meeting. I know you will not forget me, but you will forgive me, even because of the great pain I cause you. You are the most generous woman I have known.

If it would comfort you to blame me for this I would beg you to do it; but I know you better, and ask you to believe that it is my deep misfortune rather than

my fault that I can no longer be your lover, as, God knows, I was once, I dare not say how short a time ago.

To me you remain, what I always found you, the best and most true-hearted woman a man could pray to meet. Say with me, for the last time, Good-bye.

LETTER LXIX.

———: You do not know what you ask. If you cannot summon courage to face fate, I must for both. I cannot and must not see you—for my own sake as well as yours.

You can and must face this shipwreck with me. You can and must summon your courage to face the death of our earthly love, however suddenly it may have been stricken down, as you would face my death or I yours, or each the others.

It is dead, dead, dead. Try and realise the fact. Put it aside, bury it, and, if you will, mourn for it when memory brings it up. But do not beat against the web the Three Sisters have spun around us. The threads are steel wires.

Have some faith in me; even if it is

but as a grain of mustard seed. If I could have spared you, who are utterly blameless, the innocent victim of most cruel fate, would I not have done it? Do you not know me well enough to believe that?

And if I could say one word or do one act that would ease your pain, do you not know I would?

Call upon your Inner Self for aid, let the love that is beyond that of this life take the place in your heart of the slain love, and may our mother Isis give you peace.

LETTER LXX.

—————: Obey me. By our slain love I command you. Do what I tell you without question, in this supreme moment, as we stand by the open grave. As the clods fall upon its coffin, put your hand in mine and say Good-bye.

THE END.

















